

RECOLLECTIONS: EARLY SJC STUDENT YEARS

1. Father Nicholas Greiwe, C.PP.S.
2. Unknown non-C.PP.S. Contemporary of Greiwe
[Both prepared in 1940]
3. Father Gilbert Esser, C.PP.S.
4. Anonymous Student of the 1890's
[Interviewed in 1960]

Memoirs of Father NICHOLAS GREIWE, C.PP.S., written for Saint Joseph's College's 50th anniversary, 1941, but not printed. Father Greiwe was a member of the very first class to attend, 1891, and also was part of the first graduating class, 1896. He was ordained priest March 4, 1902, but was assigned to teach at the College already in 1901. He served on the faculty from 1901 to 1924, taught English literature for the most part. From 1913 to 1924, he also served as vice president of the College. He was also prefect of discipline for the C.PP.S. seminarians, according to tradition. Father Greiwe served in parochial ministry until his death, July 26, 1950.

[Items in brackets are explanatory notes by Fr. Dominic Gerlach, C.PP.S., College Archivist.]

The request for reminiscences awakened in me manifold and countless memories of the distant past, pleasant and unpleasant, serious and comic, important and trifling. In fact, several nights upon retiring after typing some of them and brushing away cobwebs from my memory, I lay awake for a while, even tossed and chuckled off and on as the panorama of incidents passed before my mind's eye in the dark. I realized that material is wanted which is not recorded either in the written or printed annals of the College, something here and there, by way of contrast according to Deutsch's favorite expression, "Oh, let's have a contrast!" Obviously much of it must remain mental and oral tradition. Besides, Kodak pictures or cartoons by a McCutcheon would be necessary to convey a fairly adequate idea of the persons and events. Evidently, the present magnitude, expansion, efficiency and high standard of the College are but the natural outgrowth of the primitive condition that prevailed, one might say, embryonically. The full blown flower was contained in the tiny bud. Without intending to obtrude myself unduly, I shall recall a few things for Auld Lang Syne.

Having lived on the south side [C.PP.S. seminarians occupied the south part of the old Ad Building in contrast to the "seculars" in the north], my contribution will naturally be somewhat one-sided. Some north-sider will have to balance matters. Most of our class started at the Novitiate in Ohio [Carthagen], where conditions were extremely primitive with a rigorous routine. Still we survived. After our long train ride via Frankfort, Ind., we finally caught the first glimpse of the College. The stately, newly erected building, spic and span, with its observation tower [flat tower at north end], impressed us most favorably. We felt that a new life had dawned for us; we were on the second lap heading for the distant goal. We arrived in August [1891]. The previous class that started studies at Carthagen, Ohio, was sent to the Indian school in spring. The following autumn it came to the College.

Of course, the first thing was an audience with Father August [Seifert], the tall, sturdy, upstanding man, truly religious, with a sterling character and austere countenance, in the vigor of manhood, the President of the College. Luckily, I had my bearings, my classmates did not, because as a very little boy I had served Mass for him in our parish in Ohio. At the request of my father, I wrote him a New Year's letter to the seminary [St. Charles Seminary at Carthagen, Ohio], to which he graciously replied, enclosing a beautiful picture of the Guardian Angel, which I still have in my possession. Father [Joseph] Heitz, the novice master, in my presence told my father before we left for College that Father Seifert was the rector, a rather severe and austere man, but added that such as would go through College under him would turn out to be pretty solid men. That encouraged

me.

This introductory matter can be pardoned if one remembers that "Daddy" [Seifert] was the institution, its founder and untiring and able director for years. As Father Conroy [Ft. Wayne diocesan priest, Father Thomas M. Conroy, Greiwe's classmate] said at the College at a public gathering, "He hewed close to the line, let the chips fall where they may." What the play Hamlet would be without Hamlet, St. Joseph's College would have been without Father Seifert. He indeed left a lasting impression on the students who were under his care. His statue in front of Seifert Hall might serve as an inspiration, and this together with the name of the hall will immortalize him.

When Conroy and the rest of his class [the "seculars" in contrast to the C.P.P.S. "religious" students] arrived before the opening, they too had to meet the Rector to get their first impression and orders. We were conducted through the building and then left to roam about.

Prairie and Swamps

We found the land swampy with large sections of quicksand, a remnant of which is still at the College west of the gym [now Arts and Science Building]. It was said that occasionally a horse or some cattle would get mired and disappear. This swampy condition meant miles of drainage to redeem the land. Two horses, sometimes four, were needed to haul a load to town over the mud road. The sidewalk to town was at first a sand and mud path, then sawdust improved it. After that a double plank walk was laid, the planks being nailed down with spikes. In the course of time the planks warped, turned up at both ends. When someone farther ahead stepped on the one end, the other end rose still higher, not so good for the shin bones. The cement walk was the final solution. Father August had the judge proceed against a spinster, who as a property owner interfered with the walk. When the city authorities said they would refuse to pay their share on account of insufficient cement, he told them over the telephone that he would subtract it from the College light bill. That settled the matter.

Between 1905-1909 ??

Sand Storms

The fine yellow sand surrounding the College in the absence of lawns was blown into the building, sometimes to the third floor, to the annoyance of all at retiring time.

The high embankment in front and at the north side was built up with innumerable loads of sand and then sodded. Often the sand caved in when deep trenches were dug for water lines. An additional annoyance occurred when some mischievous daring students pelted the others who were at work in the deep trench. One was so indignant over the effrontery that he yelled up at the perpetrators, "Quid dat, or I'll tell Father Ougust and he give you five Father Ours to pray in chapel." [Several C.P.P.S. students had arrived from Germany.] Facing Father August would have been worse than saying the prayer penance.

The Pond

The poor condition of the pond was in harmony with the surroundings, a mere large water hole like a pool in the woods. The picture of the College building shows two peaceful students rowing leisurely. They were posing for the picture. It was not always thus. At the forenoon recess especially, almost invariably two students managed to get there first to take a boat ride and usually went down with it. The skiff was narrow and light, and the occupants sometimes rather corpulent. One or both must have rocked the boat. The next day two others met the same fate. Of course, it meant changing clothes and getting late for class with the inevitable consequences. From the muddy bottom they always took along some of the pond's extract. The pond had no curb and so it happened that on a dark evening a newcomer or visitor walked right into it. Nowadays the freshest ones [freshmen?] are thrown into it. What a contrast between that unsightly, muddy basin and the present cemented and ornamental lake with its island and graceful spray!

Other Buildings

There were two frame buildings, remnants of the orphanage, one of which was the orphans' chapel, and the one that was removed only recently [from the site of Merlini Hall]. These had hallowed associations for us boys in those days. The old boiler house very near the College on the west side, the first of three, was a convenient rendezvous, especially in cold weather. Its purpose was manifold. Fearing that the smoke stack might blow over—winds were strong in those early years—the authorities, to prevent its falling on the College building, had it braced by means of a heavy beam fastened to the building. This precaution gave us a more restful sleep during stormy nights.

By and by, other necessary structures were erected. The horse stable was located a little west of Dwenger Hall. Although it was close by for practical purposes, nevertheless Brother Bill Zink said it was too far away. The pig sty brought odors and squeals, while the chicken coop wafted very early crowings eastward and upward to the dormitories. I remember the occasion when a long-horned western steer broke away from the slaughter house, leaped over fences and other barriers, ran far across the prairies, but was finally brought back to meet its doom. Ice cut on the pond and river was placed in the ice house with old sawdust. What fun we had in harvesting it! Twice a week a load was hauled to the box near the kitchen, where a good lunch always awaited us on such occasions.

The large bank barn containing enough timber for two modern barns, which was brought from the Bishop's woods, was called Benedict Boebner's and Brother Bill's Big Bank Barn. Don't know whether the student who devised the name got the idea of alliteration from the rhetoric book or not. The outdoor toilet building with its two compartments, the one for the north ["seculars"], the other for the south siders ["religious"], must not be overlooked. This situation required the thoroughness of the Old Dutch Cleanser. It happened that a student's penance consisted of the task of keeping it clean and otherwise taking care of it. Just one incident: A powerful Falstaffian student, yes, he played Falstaff successfully on the College stage, was pulling with all his might at one of the swinging doors whilst the occupant was holding it tight. Just then "Daddy" August appeared from behind and

boxed the puller away, almost caused him to sprawl on the floor. No arguments.

As a young carpenter, it was my good fortune to help erect that bilateral, institutional rest room under the open sky, adapted for all seasons. The appointments were few and simple. Chains, pull and push buttons, were not considered. Neither were seats that rise automatically. When the inside work was being done, Brother Bill Zink, head carpenter, beckoned with his forefinger and said, "Come here, Greewe!" With a huge carpenter pencil he traced my figure, but being so diminutive, it was the cause of innumerable failures.

At the time of the Silver Jubilee [1916], some of the staff urged the demolition of some of the buildings and the removal of others to the Indian school, but the time was not ripe for such an undertaking. What a splendid improvement has been made within recent years!

The Old Indian School

What made the pioneer days at College all the more interesting was the presence of the Indians, over a hundred, across the way in what is now Drexel Hall. Boys and young men were there at the school conducted by our Society [of the Precious Blood] and subsidized by the government. Mother [Katharine] Drexel, a nun, and daughter of a Philadelphia banker [Francis Drexel], erected the building. *provided the money only*

As we observed them fishing in the Iroquois and hunting with bow and arrow, we recalled our readings in history and novels. Too bad that the pictures of those Indian scenes are fading in the gymnasium. They ought to be salvaged. [I recall pieces of such scenery on the 3rd floor north in the Ad Building, which had served as the stage and auditorium until 1904.]

When recently I viewed the remains of Brother Sylvester Hinen at St. Charles Seminary, I recalled his association with the Indian school, because I had been writing these reminiscences. He was delegated to bring the Indians from their reservations in Wisconsin and elsewhere to Rensselaer. It was a trying task, especially during long train stops. Some of them would sneak away to get some fire water. At the Indian School he was both teacher and prefect. Father A. Gietl was superior. The genial Father knew how to handle the boys. I noticed that they sawed wood as long as he was around. Father Florian Hahn was also stationed there. After the school was closed for lack of funds, Father Hahn went to Banning, California, where an Indian school was located. He was simply homesick for the Indians.

The Indian boys would come over to the College in full regalia with war paint, feathers and tomahawks, even with scalping knives, and stage a war dance for us. Sometimes one would leave the ring and come towards us spectators.

They were first-class baseball players, defeating all surrounding teams, including our own. The town people claimed them as their team. They were as fleetfooted as deer in their moccasins. One of the pitchers could throw to second base both right and left handed without fully turning around. They played on the College diamond.

They had not given up their old Indian tricks. One time a large number came over on an errand. Some of them entertained Father A. Dick who was overseeing the construction of the College Building. In the meantime, the rest speared a sack of apples out of the cellar. On their hikes a few would enter the farm house, bring in some eggs and entertain the lady and children.

These were delighted and thank them for bringing in the eggs. All the while the rest poached the remaining eggs. One Good Friday, they fried chicken to find out how it tasted.

Off and on, they reverted to form. Soon after the dormitory lights were extinguished, many of them put the sheets aside and pushed their way into the straw ticks.

A professor told them about the harmful effects of smoking and drew pictures of the affected lungs on the blackboard. In consequence, they threw away their pipes. Of course, this put restrictions on the professors. One day an Indian boy saw the same teacher smoke in his room. When he reported this, one of them said, "He smoke, no sin; we smoke, sin. Naw!" The pipes were retrieved.

Each one knew his own cap by diagnosing the inside with the help of the olfactory nerve.

Four of them studied at the College for the priesthood after the Indian school was closed for lack of government help. A fifth remained there for years doing chores. He would sneak into the professors' rooms and tell them later that he had cleaned all their pipes.

These jolly sons of the aborigines lent an atmosphere of historic interest to College life. How then could either student boy keep from acting like Indians?

How often we heard that bell, early in the morning! It had a shrill, penetrating sound. One of the teachers complained to Father Gietl about the early ringing at four-thirty, which usually woke him up. He asked Father to have the ringing stopped at that time. Father replied that it could be done. The next morning at the same time—bing, bing! It was sent far up north to one of our mission places.

Expansion

In the second year the number of students increased so much that preparations were made for the north side addition to double the length of the [Ad] building. The frontage was to be 228 feet. Having kept only a mental diary, I cannot go into details concerning the new building. However, I recall that we climbed around and that Tom Glennon [student] fell head first from a considerable height. For a while, he was really a soft head—physically, the face all bloodshot.

With delight we watched the building go up. Often we eyed Bill Medland at work. He would lay three times as many bricks as any one of the other workmen. In those days there were no electric mortar and concrete mixers. Mike, somewhat advanced in years, but a paragon of speed and endurance, elicited our admiration. With a large hoe he mixed the mortar whilst chewing all the while. We always waited for the next tobacco blotch on the mortar that eventually disappeared and gave the mortar a brownish tint.

The elder Medland was the contractor and overseer. He would watch everything closely and rush from place to place nervously. What edified us youngsters was his daily attendance with us at Holy Mass at 4:50 and in the evening at Benediction. A devout convert, indeed.

The Observation Tower Disappears

The addition meant the end of the beautiful tower, much to our regret.

I cannot refrain from recording one incident. The picture of the first building shows the tower that was both useful and ornamental. It commanded a distant view and served as a means to get the breeze and cool off. When a large fire broke out in town, that destroyed a row of stores, frame buildings, on Washington St., some of the professors climbed to the top to view the conflagration. Of course, some of us inquisitive ones climbed up too, but found the trap door closed. No doubt, some were standing on it. Thinking they were students, we asked them to open up, but to no avail. Whereupon the tallest one, Basil [later C.P.P.S. Father Didier], also known as uncle because he had impersonated that character on the stage, Atlas-like with back and shoulder, aided by several willing hands and arms, lifted one end of the door about a foot, when Father Benedict [Boebner] stooped down to the opening with shaking and threatening index finger, and shouted vehemently, "Get down!" And down we went. We had not yet sufficiently realized the force and modern applicability of the old Roman adage, "Quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi," that the prerogatives of Jove are not to be shared with the ox. We were rather dumb, but we learned. Experience is the best teacher. After that we steered clear of similar difficulties.

The enlarged structure gave both student bodies ["secular" and "religious"] a new lease on life, relieved cramped conditions. We understood too that St. Joseph's was prospering. One of us had come across the words, "vivat, crescat, floreat." One of the wags substituted John Scott.

The Two Statues

How we urchins watched with trepidation the raising of the heavy stone statue of the Blessed Virgin to its niche. A sigh of relief went up when it finally stood in its place. The tall statue of St. Joseph, the patron of the College, had been placed, I think, before our time. But we watched Father P. Trost high up on the scaffold enclosed with canvas put on the gold leaf. A statue in each niche balanced the long structure and produced a pleasing effect.

As I look at the old building and the tall, thick trees, I wonder how long it will be before my classmates and myself will go about with silvery locks, stooped and shuffling along slowly with the aid of a cane. "Tempus fugit; memento mori!"

Yes, contemplating the fifty-year old building one cannot prevent such thoughts. The first structure was weak in its infancy, but stands up well in old age, or shall we say, middle age. With us, the reverse is true. Sand brick were made in the field back of the chapel. Unfortunately, they did not stand up well. When the tower was up to the roof, it sagged, threatening to collapse. It had to be torn down and the brick replaced with better ones from Illinois, such as are found in the new part. The difference between the tower and the wall brick is still noticeable. In later years large sections were replaced in the walls. Wide cracks appeared in the attic. Strong beams, planks, and iron rods were used to prevent further dislocations.

Interior Equipment

The corridor floors in the first and second story were covered with long, thick, coarse-plaited mats. Once a week, sometimes twice, these were rolled up and the thick layer of dust removed, especially on the first floor.

Later on, battle ship [gray?] was laid down, giving good service until terraxo took its place and steel stairways were installed. How the old wooden treads were gradually worn thin and hollow, because they creaked. Sneaking up or down was out of the question, unless one knew just where to step or used one of the ends.

Classroom Desks

These were long, home-made affairs of the finest poplar. Jake, the carpenter, whom I often helped, made them as well as many other pieces of furniture, e.g., the vestment cases. One of them is still in the boys' sacristy. Some industrious otherwise indolent fellows cut holes in the shelves of the desks, under which they held their books for answers in class and for examinations.

It was hard to get to one's place, if there was any choice or preference, if one didn't secure the end seat. Such as were seated leaned forward to let the others walk back of them on the seats to the vacant places. Sometimes during class the end hog became a victim, would lose his seat. Father Eugene [Grimm] once stooped down and asked sympathetically after Chris [Daniel] had been pushed off onto the floor, "Well, Christian, what is then the matter?" Chris blushed, but didn't say that several united to push him off. He happened to be the last one to occupy a seat on that bench. Hence, he was truly only the end victim.

Study Halls

Our study hall was in charge of the senior student upon whom devolved a tremendous task, a thankless one. By order of the spiritual director, he had a locked box in his desk, containing the daily record of transgression of the rules and regulations. So many bad marks meant no breakfast or kneeling out, sometimes both. Pals always took some breakfast along for the culprits. After several infractions were observed, the overseer would unlock the box as quietly as possible and record. Usually some heard it and looked over.

One evening after the rest had retired, Arnold [later Father Weymann, C.PP.S.] went to the study hall when Gerhardt [later Father Hartjens, C.PP.S.] had the box opened for inspection concerning his own marks. He wanted to know whether he had about reached the limit. Arnold insisted that he look up his record also, but Gerhardt, fearing "Hannibal ante portas," [fear of being caught] turned the key and received an ear box from Arnold.

The Lights

Huge brass kerosene lamps were suspended from the ceiling, but they could not be lowered like a sanctuary lamp. A tall senior student, usually Uncle [Basil Didier], in a somewhat pompous and dignified way, looked after the lighting and extinguishing. Standing on a chair, he would raise the chimney, turn up the wick, pinch the carbon off, light the lamp and adjust the chimney. He generally made another round to screw the wick higher or lower. Sometimes a lamp smoked dreadfully. All of which was a tedious, laborious process that kept us looking on and waiting patiently or impatiently

according to our disposition for study. What a task it was to clean the chimneys! How welcome was acetylene with the asbestos mantelets.

The same procedure obtained in the seculars' study hall presided over by a priest, student, and later by a brother. Joseph [Sailer], a deacon, helped for a year or so. He would wrestle with a student on the lawn and come out second best. Since no beard was forthcoming, he sent away for a hair grower, which was intercepted and a substitute put in the bottle. This he applied at night and in the morning he could not remove the solution.

After graduation, our class was kept at the College for a year to help prefect in the secular students' study hall and teach classes. We were called "scholastics." Why? I haven't found out to this day. A small room was assigned us to be used for an office. It was a pleasant locale for Chris [Daniel], Bart [Besinger], Jerome [Ueber] and myself. I still recall the exquisite wild grape juice kept in the room, for which Chris was mainly responsible.

Incidentally, one evening we heard a racket down the hallway. Asked Jerome [Ueber, later C.P.P.S. priest] to investigate. When he returned, he said, "Ah, the priests have a rat." Several priests were chasing a large rat up and down the stairs.

Study Halls a Necessity

For lack of private and club rooms, the study halls were used for various purposes: packing multifarious articles in locked and unlocked desks, some of which looked orderly, others as if a cyclone had struck them. Early home training or the lack of it was thus revealed. The more advanced students gradually put a shelf under the desk to take care of books and articles. Some had drawing boards under them. The study halls were also used for playing games of cards, checkers, chess, etc. Drawing, reading of both legitimate and contraband literature, writing letters, open and secret, —all mail was subject to inspection by the authorities—, distributing mail, not frequently, hence quite an event, visiting, enjoying eats from home or town, cracking nuts during free time and risking peanuts during study time.

Furthermore, for tacking up notices for lost articles, arrival of parcels and special events, posting grades after exams, also conduct, discipline and manners notes, that evoked varied comments, sometimes overheard by someone in authority who was near without the knowledge of the commentator, publishing rules and regulations, giving explanations, interpretations, exhortations and talks on good behavior, imposing penances and penalties, giving ultimatums and carrying out public expulsions, staging occasional fistic duels, burning paper. One time Father August looked through the glass panel of the study hall door, came in and asked what that dangerous burning of paper meant. Boeke [student], while holding up the burning paper said, "Father, I'm burning my sins." The spiritual retreat had just closed. Father August left the study hall without saying a word, but found it hard to suppress a smile.

Good Behavior

Good conduct and manners were recognized and rewarded off and on. Who doesn't remember the Sacred Heart pictures and others, oval-shaped with a convex glass, that were once given as a reward of merit? Those wistful eyes of Skinny! [student Edward Mongovan, later Ft. Wayne diocesan priest]

Prayers

In the study hall prayers were said in the morning before classes, during the day and before retiring. When Joe Abel [later Ft. Wayne diocesan priest] led in night prayer, the students always eagerly awaited the following intention: "Anodder Our Fodder for our Holy Fodder the pup." A good tonic to help forget the troubles of the day and prepare for the night's rest.

Never-To-Be-Forgotten

At 8:50 P.M., Father Seifert left his room, and walking down the hall, expelled the rest of the day's snuff into his red kerchief with stentorian tones. In two or three minutes, he closed his door with a bang and turned the key, the click being audible in both study halls at the extremities of the building. Verily, he was no sneak. But even after that we remained under the vigilant eye of the prefects.

No Sunday Studies?

After High Mass on the first Sunday of the school year, a number of the "secular" students decided to go to the river about a mile west of the College. Father P. Trost overtook them before they had gone far and demanded that they return for studies. They argued that to study on Sunday meant to break the Sunday law. One student told Father that he was not a priest, since he wore a beard which hid the collar. Result: they studied that Sunday and ever after. The precedent was thereby established.

Parliamentary Law

There was however occasional relief from arduous study on Sunday forenoons. Society meetings were held and parliamentary law was taught. Both student bodies assembled in a class room for Robert's Rules of Order. Who was the teacher, the elucidator? None other than Mr. [John] Cogan [later diocesan priest in Ohio]. He had taught school, attended Valparaiso University [not the present university but a teachers' college] from where he came to the College because Father Dempsey, the pastor at Valpo, told him he belonged here. He had studied the Rules of Order and conducted meetings. In fact, he knew all there was to be known about parliamentary proceedings. The immediate purpose was to drill us for the meetings of the Columbian Literary Society, of which he was one of the founders. If we had only appreciated the opportunity, the efforts of Mr. Cogan!

Alas! Whilst he was filling the blackboard with parliamentary matter, some in the class carried on. What patience and forbearance Mr. Cogan showed! Only occasionally would he give a reprimand and plead earnestly for the "Rules of Order." It did not occur to us that Robert's Rules of Order might suggest the observance of the rules of propriety and good order. Perhaps one or the other mistook the idea implied in the first syllable of parliamentary, meaning to talk. [Greiwe's early penchant for puns!]

I can still see [Lawrence] Eberle [later Ft. Wayne diocesan priest], who knew the psychological moment when Mr. Cogan was about to face the class again. He would turn his head once more, shake with silent laughter and make the most delightful grimaces, the result of previous mischief.

Maybe Cogan could have wielded more authority had he retained that manly, jet black mustache he brought along from Valpo. A few days after his arrival

Father August said to him, "Mr. Cogan, I think you should remove that mustache." Cogan replied, "Well, Fawther, Im not quite ready for that. Don't know whether I'm going to stay." He didn't want to return to Valpo without it.

However, the work done in parliamentary law in those early years set the pace and laid the foundation for the classes conducted by "Daddy" Honan for years. [Edward P. Honan, local attorney, taught parliamentary law at the College, 1903-1923.]

The Columbian Literary Society

The C. L. S. started auspiciously during the quadricentennial of the discovery of America, which inspired its happy name. The very novelty stirred up marked enthusiasm. We began to render programs consisting of orations, dialogues, poems, debates, which were of frequent occurrence, and so-called afterpieces, short farces. The new presidents gave their inaugurals. The appointed critic observed closely.

Sometimes comedy would enter a debate. The remarkable statement made by Denis [later Father Denis Schweitzer, C.P.P.S.] will never be forgotten. The question of debate was "Business versus the Professions." "Look at Benziger," he said, "when he started out. With one hand he carried a satchel filled with samples of church goods, and in the other a rosary, and no rooster crowed after him." A Germanism like others of his coinage, e.g., "panzerships," "unschletz candle." Seimetz [later Ft. Wayne diocesan priest, Julius Seimetz], his opponent, won by sheer ridicule of his rival.

Eulogius [Eulogius Deininger, C.P.P.S. seminarian] lost his cue, paused, then raised his hands and left the stage saying, "I can no more." Some ignoramuses laughed out loud, not knowing that he quoted from Shakespeare. I discovered that later. Conroy [later Father Thomas Conroy, Ft. Wayne dioceses] was called the silver-tongued orator.

An interesting feature of the program consisted of the reading of the Columbian from script, something like Tony's [?] scrap book, the present Stuff in miniature. It was full of local references. One couldn't tell whom the lightning would strike, professor, student, or brother. It was a sort of clearing house. In connection with it, odd awards were made, e.g., Curly Connelly [later Ft. Wayne diocesan Father James Connelly] was called from the audience to the front of the stage and presented with a garden rake to take care of his hair.

The Four Stages

The first temporary stage was in a large room on the second floor, adjacent to the library. A door back of the stage led into the library in which the participants stayed. There some would help themselves to stogies, others juggled something that was kept there for medicinal purposes. Moderation was maintained.

The second stage and auditorium were located on the third floor of the new addition [to the Ad Building]. The gorgeous and realistic scenery was painted by Rev. P. Trost, who also decorated the auditorium with classic medallions and emblems. These remained long after the stage was abandoned. The classical [older] students used the auditorium for a dormitory. The drop curtain showed picturesque scenery from around Schellenberg [in Liechtenstein] dear to the heart of Father Trost. The curtain was raised

and lowered by means of rope and a heavy roller about eight inches in diameter. Sometimes one end stayed up. During a play, the slain warrior had to choose between rolling over or letting the ponderous roller come down on him with a thud. He chose the former.

The old Roman prison scene with its huge boulders looked dismal and gruesome. The street scene was beautiful, the royal palace opulent, rich in color effect.

The third stage was in the Old Gym that burned down [1914]. The auditorium caused great inconvenience before and after renditions, because the hall was used for athletics. The wooden folding chairs had to be brought out, set up in order, and stacked away afterwards in side rooms.

The present stage and auditorium, Alumni Hall [Arts and Science Building], with their modern appointments and artistic decoration speak for themselves.

Dramatics

The historionic art had its appeal for us youngsters, and we aspired to become professional thespians. "Sebastian" was essayed and went over big, according to the standard of the times. Fitzpatrick [James, I have no other information] was Sebastian, Skinny [Edward] Mongovan, Pancratius, your humble servant, of all things, Quadratus. Actually, I put on three pair of drawers to fill out the spindles in the tights, remotely to approximate the stalwart, corpulent warrior, qualities the name indicates. [John] Cogan was Maximian, the ruthless, mighty emperor of Rome. I still remember a few expressions: "Now it is supper time; Christians, Christians everywhere," he exclaimed as he paced to and fro on the stage. The leader gave orders, "All magicians dis away!"

What a procession in the evening through Washington St., Rensselaer, all in costume, Maximian, fierce of countenance, rolling his dark eyes, as he stood in the Roman chariot, hailed by his pagan retinue!

Incidentally, in later years "King Saul" was successfully given and repeated at Lafayette and Indianapolis. Father Arnold [Weymann], the director, sent a telegram to the College, "Harp on fire escape, throne in barn." The lady operator who telephoned the message from Rensselaer said laughingly, "I presume you know the meaning."

Comedies

In contrast with "Sebastian," farcical plays were also given. One of them, a Thanksgiving play, was composed by two of the participants. Irish Daniel Daly and Julius Seimetz, the Dutchman. When it came to basting the turkey, they consulted the cook book and found out that basting meant to soften it, make it tender. But how? They laid it on the floor and Daly pounded it with a broom stick until the stuffings, sawdust, came out. As the young son, I had the misfortune of sitting down in an open pie. All went wrong.

German Comedies

During the holidays, German comedies were given for the benefit of the household, especially the Brothers and Sisters. They were plentiful and well rendered. In one of them, Simon [later Father Simon Kuhnmuensch, C.P.P.S.] as Bassus, like the wild man from Borneo, came up through an opening at the

rear of the stage. Whilst Bassus dangled there half way up, Eusebius [Eusebius Walter, C.PP.S. seminarian] held a lighted match to his naked calf. This increased the tragic, ferocious expression on his face as he growled and wielded a giant club. The perpetrator received a few hard blows when the twain met afterwards. The rendition of these comedies was delightful.

Tableaux were in vogue. During a premature explosion, Father Clement [Schuette] was severely burned. He directed the German plays whilst Fathers Benedict [Boebner], Max [Walz], and Mark [Hamburger] put on the C.L.S. plays as moderators of the Society.

The Art Studio

The class in art was conducted by Rev. Paulinus Trost, the artist of our Society, who had gone to Munich to study painting. Many pictures, large and small, some made in Munich, others at the College, still adorn various rooms there. At first, a room in the building was used for drawing, also the study hall. Later a studio was erected south of the present powerhouse, in the shadow of that magnificent imported tree in which Mat Helmig [later Father Matthew Helmig, C.PP.S.] used to "plug for exams." Amid difficulties he was really up a tree. Free and mechanical drawing was taught, later on also painting. Some paintings are still on the College walls, a few of mine, and especially the two large pictures of Agar in the Desert and the Martyr in the Colosseum, Rome. These were made by Germain Heimburger [student] alias "Schwamps." A colored landscape in pastel and two pictures in charcoal, one a blacksmith, the other a young reaper, made by me at the time, now mellowed with age, are hanging here in the rectory. Have also a number of lead pencil sketches. The paper is as brittle as the thinnest glass, the life is gone.

We embryonic "artists" practiced also in the study hall. One incident can hardly be overlooked. Bart [later Father Bartholomew Besinger, C.PP.S., who was Prefect of Discipline at the College, 1902-1911 and 1914-1925] and I occupied a double desk. Every time I opened the desk lid, we perceived a peculiar odor which grew stronger as the days passed. We emptied both sides of the desk, carried it to the attic and brought down another one. The odor continued also in the new desk. Opening a tin box made it stronger. We used a squirrel's tail for removing particles left on the drawing paper after erasing defects and cleaning the drawing paper. The old, dried tail I used had been replaced with a bushy, fresh one by a well-meaning student.

Art is Debased

When Cleveland was elected president the second time [1892], the boys were determined to celebrate the event with a rally, a parade through town, according to the custom of those days. The College artist was requested to produce the cartoons. One showed Harrison agonizing in bed with a terrific nightmare, dreaming that a furious wild cat stood on his chest, ready to claw his face. The other cartoons represented odd phases of the campaign. These were fastened to the open spring wagon top and illumined from within. During that evening, singing, "Hail, Grover Cleveland, Hail," we paraded up and down Washington St.

Art is Restored

When the St. Joseph's Collegian was in th making, Father P. Trost was

asked to make an appropriate cover design. He produced an artistic, somewhat elaborate, design with classical emblems, such as the torch of learning. It is interesting to compare the standard of taste at that time with the present idea calling for utmost simplicity. What an incentive to literary endeavor was that dear old Collegian! All contributors profited greatly by their earnest efforts.

A Sequel

Long after the studio was vacated, I sauntered about in the grove during the [my?] prefecture. Suspecting that some might be absconding within, I turned the knob, but found the door locked. I demanded that it be opened, but without success. Just then Brother "Cobbs" [Bro. William Druecker was a highly respected prefect of discipline with immediate charge over the "seculars," 1898-1930] came along, and when he rattled the knob, we heard the revealing sounds, "Woo, woo!" Some cynicism! With a mutual smile, we parted.

The Music Department

The art of music, both instrumental and vocal, was fostered from the beginning. A lay professor had charge of the music department. One day, some of us were called and asked what kind of instruments we'd like to take up. I chose the melodeon. Took several "lessons" whilst curly-headed Carl Hemmersbach, the teacher, sat on the window sill smoking a cigar, and blowing the smoke out of the window. He didn't utter a word. After a week or so, my name and the names of several others were no longer listed. We took it to mean that we were through, had graduated. Somehow, we didn't care much for the prof, because he emptied his large pitcher of water from his room on the third floor on our heads as we leaned out of the study hall windows at recess. Besides, he said he never would eat pie on a Sunday because everybody did so on that day. Again, the call came as to what instrument we wanted to play. This time, I chose the violin, but since I was penniless, the embryonic virtuoso did not develop.

A Strange Incident

Once or twice a year, as professor, Father Meinrad [Koester] retold the following with gusto. In the band room on the third floor, I sat on a table one Sunday afternoon practicing with the B-flat cornet. Came in curly and reddish-haired Meinrad with a clarinet. He asked me whether I could play it. I told him I could, but couldn't teach him the beginnings. The incipient player was to achieve that result by himself. Whereupon Meinrad began to blow until his cheeks looked like toy balloons. It was really a circus. I told him to keep on; he was getting there. Later on he said that at the time he always respected seniority.

The College Band

Yes, we had a band. We knew that a College without a band was unthinkable. Even from the start we ventured to play for special occasions. Brother Bill Zink offered the band a treat, a keg of beer with all the trimmings on his birthday. All assembled in the auditorium, the band occupying the stage. We opened the program with the "Reception March." Applause. Again, the

same march, played feelingly, but much slower. Applause and interval. The march once more, but played this time with extraordinary enthusiasm and phenomenal speed. Brother Bill made some remarks, thanked the band members and all present, but mentioned that he seriously suspected that the same piece was played over and over. The reason? We could play only the "Reception March."

The Outing

Wearing the new suits donated by Mrs. [Edwin] Hammond of Rensselaer, we strutted about proud as peacocks. With the new outfits we could venture to play away from the College. Mr. McCoy the elder, a Rensselaer banker, for whom McCoyburg was named, held a cattle sale at that village. Naturally, the College band had to furnish the music. How the Hoosiers listened and clapped!

In recognition of favors done and to spread good will, Mr. McCoy gave a barbecue in the court house yard, when the old courthouse was still standing. The College band furnished the music. McCoy in good "spirits" carried a huge, double-handled basket full of buns all over the yard. Each one went to the stand for a big, thick slice of hot roast. Students, professors and even Father August ate juicy, hot sandwiches and with both hands held large bones, chewing away as if they were eating roasting ears. A gala day it was. An appropriate piece by the band ended the hilarious celebration.

The Lecture Course

The faculty was eager to have us boys garner as much knowledge as possible apart from the classroom. The course was also intended to stimulate interest in public speaking. Several able men addressed us students.

Father Ganzer, the priest with a beard, spoke on the history and meaning of the cross. He reached the climax when he extended both arms, forming a cross. Whilst doing so, he exclaimed, "Who would be ashamed of his own form?" This brought prolonged applause. [Father Sebastian Ganzer was pastor at Kentland at the time].

A lecture was delivered by Father Frederick Wiechmann of Gas City on public speaking. A born orator, he asked someone to come to the stage where he would demonstrate that he could repel him by the sheer force of oratory. We heard him several times, once on Decoration Day, outdoors.

Father Patrick Hennebery, a member of our Society, who had done mission work in New Zealand and elsewhere in the Orient, gave an interesting discourse on his varied experiences. Among many other things, he said that cannibals never eat the flesh of a missionary that smokes. Some encouragement for us boys!

Father Henry Meisner of Peru [Indiana] gave a scholarly and spirited dissertation on Shakespeare and personated some of the characters. His brogue we did not mind, because he kept us spell-bound. He wore a long, spring top coat and had both hands in the coat pockets while he spoke. He pronounced the name Schaeckspeare. The gist of the lecture can be found in one of the old Collegians. Years later I brought the bound volume to class.

An address on the history of music was given by Father Charles Romer of Delphi. [He was a diocesan priest who joined the Precious Blood Society.] He cited instances even from the Scriptures in the days of Daniel, when the following instruments were used, the fistula, the sambooka, and the silver

horn. The second name he pronounced that way. For weeks boys would repeat those three names with the peculiar intonation that the lecturer employed, just as later on students at recess repeated Aman's [Father George Aman, C.P.P.S.] "Well may we ask, where will it end?" said in a high-pitched voice. Several more lectures on music were to be given by Father Romer, but Father Max [Walz] couldn't get the boys together for the second discourse, since the first was read from manuscript and was too encyclopedic.

Later on Father Bruno Soengen of Monterey, also a bearded man [and a former Capuchin], who had been missionary in India for ten years, gave a lecture with slides on mission work abroad. He also read, but with difficulty, partly because the light was poor on the old stage. Sometimes, when he turned around he found that the student had put or left the wrong slide in whilst describing a scene.

Retreats

The first retreat was given by a Redemptorist, a corpulent, good natured Father. He would swing his cincture as he walked into the sanctuary, and during the meditations and conferences. With all his laughter-provoking stories, he had us chuckling, sometimes almost roaring. At the end of the first day, Father Trost urged that the retreat be closed.

Father Henry Meissner gave an excellent retreat that was gripping indeed, and left a wholesome impression on the young minds and hearts. He reiterated many events of history in a meditation and asked after each one, "And where was Judas? He bourns." This statement still rings in our ears.

A fine retreat was conducted by Father Frederick Wiechmann. I recall that he asked the name of the heretic who denied Mary the title "Mother of God." He also said this: "Boys and young men, believe it, the Holy Ghost never has enlightened (pause) a fool."

Father August Oechtering gave a powerful retreat. Although he had a pronounced brogue, we boys overlooked it because of his vital message and moral earnestness. In a conference he told us to study well. He mentioned that when he had come to this country from Europe, he couldn't pronounce the word "church." "I used to say schurt for schurtsch."

The First Faculty

The members of the small faculty were Rev. August Seifert, president; Rev. Benedict Boebner, vice-president; Rev. Paulinus Trost, the artist; Rev. John Nagleisen, director of congregational singing; Rev. Stanislaus Neiberg, who was also pastor in Rensselaer, but lived at the College; and Mr. Carl Hemmersbach, professor of music.

The Fathers were men of moral earnestness and devotion to duty. Each one had marked characteristics. Although they bore themselves with becoming dignity, they were approachable in class and elsewhere. With only fifty-four students, classes were small, hence considerable attention was given to the individual student. Idlers were soon found out and dealt with according to their deserts.

Occurrences in Class

Very little nuisance was tolerated, although humorous situations were enjoyed by professor and pupil. Not much nonsense was risked in Father August's classes. Now, however, it may be told. Wishing to spare others,

I'll tell a few on myself. Since I was taking drawing, he asked me in arithmetic class to come to the board and shade a circle to make it look like a sphere. Fearing that I could not do it with chalk and would be laughed at, I said, "Oh, I think we can imagine that, Father." The morning after a written test he said to me in class, "Nicholas, I looked all over my room, even in the waste basket, but couldn't find your paper." I said, "I didn't give you any." The tables were turned. Couldn't solve a certain problem at the board, then he quoted the Low German saying, "Wenn ick den Staert heff, kann ick ock wol lopen." This was Greek to the class, but not to me, because I spoke that language as a boy. It means, "If I have hold of the tail, I can run too." Mentally I turned the implication against him. In Ray's Higher, my solution showed a shortage of one sheep. He said I could make up the missing one. I felt like a mutt, but had it coming.

Father Nageleisen said to a pupil, "Your memory is as short as a pig's tail," and after a pause, "and curly, too." Once he brought down the large geography [book] on the desk in front of Godfrey's [Buehrer] face with such a bang as to make all sit up and take notice. Godfrey remained unperturbed, but Father looked pale.

Father Paulinus [Trost] mentioned that during the excavations at Pompeii, a night watchman was found standing and holding his lantern. A little hand went up and the pupil asked, "Father, was it still burning?" The reply came quickly, "Ach, no, you fool!"

Additional Professors

Gradually new professors came, Fathers Eugene [Grimm], Max [Walz], Mark [Hamburger], Chrysostom [Hummer], Raphael [Schmaus] and others. The latter told me recently that without Father Eugene, life for them at College would have been impossible. His pupils will remember him to the end of their days, especially for things that happened in the Greek class. "Go ahead, stcheamboat!" he would say. Off and on he asked such as knew practically nothing in Greek. "Well, ish there perhaps a word you don't know?" He gave the first one, but the second one wasn't known either. Several students wanted to post themselves regarding the examination questions that might be put to them. In his room they inspected the text book, then studied the pages on which most of the snuff had fallen. Their guess was correct. During the first days of his teaching, one miscalculated, carried on, thinking that Father who was somewhat cross-eyed, was looking at someone else. He came to grief. Took the consequences.

Time Takes Its Toll

Only one of the original faculty is living, Father John Nageleisen, who is in New York City. Father Neiberg died ten years ago. Fathers Seifert and Boebner, in 1937, and Father P. Trost only a year ago. How close the three came to the Golden Jubilee of the College! With mingled feelings we as the first pupils recall the days that are no more. For us the shadows are lengthening. As I type these recollections this evening, a heavy feeling is coming over me, and not knowing the touch system, I find it hard to locate the letters on the kay board. May their souls, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Recalling the above names reminds me of the names we used to have. After High Mass on the first Sunday of the school year, we community students ["religious"] were called and told we had to change our given names. As soon

as each one had selected a name, he reported the choice to the proper authority. Chris's name used to be Frank; Bart's Fred; Meinrad's Bernard; mine Henry. In some cases names were assigned, such as Eulogius [Deininger], Hermenegild [Oser], Pancratius [?], Romuald [?], Faustin [Ersing], Placidus [Sailer]. Later it happened nevertheless that two professors had the same name. By the students Father Nicholas Welsch was called "Old Nick," myself "Young Nick." Now I am old and he is no more. He was a predecessor of mine here at St. Paul's church [Sharpsburg, Ohio].

Nicknames

Dan Daly was an expert in giving names. When the newcomers arrived from the novitiate, he sized them up as they filed by and gave each one a nickname that was as permanent as his baptismal name. In fact, the latter was almost forgotten.

When I was chasing Seimetz rather far, he looked around and yelled, "Sliver!" Violent exercise was a little risky for Simmy, because instead of suspenders he wore a piece of binder twine over one shoulder, fastened to the trousers by means of a ten penny nail in front and in the back. Of the sobriquet I am reminded by my neighbor, Father Muinch, every time we meet, for Auld Lang Syne.

The Maccabees

The Community students used to be called the Maccabees. Perhaps they were endeavoring to win in contests, or were suffering some sort of martyrdom? Hardly. Unaware of the origin, I had in mind as spiritual director long after to forbid the use of that name. Luckily, I was informed that Father August had applied the name to seven newcomers. "So, so," he said, "the seven Machabees!" No wonder so many encomiums are bestowed upon history, the knowledge of which prevents many blunders.

Athletics

In the pioneer days sports were by no means neglected. A gymnasium, a field house or a professional coach were not even dreamed of. Outdoor athletics were pursued with avidity. Inter-hall games stimulated rivalry. After the many decades I can still visualize Bart [Besinger] pitching his cannon balls that were struck at too late in many instances. Rudy [Stolz] caught them behind the bat. Usually, a few spectators stood some distance back of the catcher to gauge Bart's pitching.

The faded, tight-fitting suits did not prevent public exhibitions. For lack of funds some players made gloves out of horse hide leather, when a horse died or was mercifully destroyed.

Football flourished. One game especially, with the town team, cannot be forgotten by anyone that witnessed it. In the field adjoining the south side grove [just west of the grove], the game of the season was played. The dominant feature was Skinny Mungovan's repeated calling for timeout. He argued and argued, protested vehemently, thus distracting the opponents and goading his own team on to victory. It was a classic. On the side lines even Father August paced up and down, intensely interested. Rough playing was the order of the day in those years. Parlor knights get nowhere.

Handball was popular. Bowling was enjoyed by the faculty for which an alley was built near the former coal sheds [northwest corner of the

Computer Center]. May I insert here a little personal reference? On several occasions, Father August had me take the smallest ball and topple over the corner pin that he couldn't get. This was successful until Father Neiberg disconcerted me. After that I was through, my services were no longer wanted.

Lawn tennis and croquet were the pastime for such as did not take to the more strenuous games.

Military Training

It is a far cry from the present selective service to the days when St. Joseph's had its volunteers, excellent ones at that. The institution was a miniature West Point, so much so that the Government sent a large consignment of Civil War rifles. In Rensselaer, some didn't know what it was all about, when the rifles were being hauled to the College in a covered wagon. The insufficient cover left some of them exposed to view. Besides, in those turbulent times, a wag made some cryptic remark as to their use.

The volunteers and commanders displayed marked and persistent enthusiasm. Frequent were the drills, marches, and maneuvers in uniform according to U. S. army regulations. Thorough and varied, the drills were characterized by precision, speed, and grace, eliciting the admiration of all that witnessed them. Visitors were deeply impressed. [Lawrence] Eberle, [John] Cogan, [Frank] Kuehnle, [William] Arnold, now Chief Chaplain of the U.S. armies, and later Domine [Edward?] Werling, were in charge. [All "secular" students.] One unit was called the Seifert Light Guards. Spontaneity overcame all hardships connected with the training. The cadets realized that the benefits derived were theirs for life. Another group was called the Boebner Columbian Guards.

A Source of Bewilderment

During the A. P. A. [American Protective Association] movement Father August showed some men around. Toward the end of the tour he said, "Now gentlemen, I'm going to show you something out of the ordinary." He took them to the north side basement and pushed the curtain aside that concealed the long row of stacked rifles. "Now will you be good?" he said. They looked bewildered. Then he told them why these rifles were there: that military training was part of the College course with the Government's co-operation, to give the young men a special kind of training which they could not otherwise acquire. He made them feel thoroughly ashamed of their A.P.A.ism. [Reference here is to the rumor of a Papal plot to take over the country.]

The Mighty Fortress

Later on, an apparently impregnable fortress was built northwest of the baseball diamond. A wooden cannon on wheels, with an iron tube inserted, was made by some students. The projectile was part of a window weight. The cannon was used in storming the fortress. How the cannoneers got by without an injury or fatality is a mystery, because the projectile might have come out at either end.

The Cannon Again

One day it was taken to Sparling's field [west of Noll Hall?] for practice. The projectile just missed a horse that became so frightened as

to run all over the field. If there had been no fence, a field glass would have been necessary to trace its whereabouts.

A Horse on Meinrad

In the same field stood Meinrad [Koester] aiming at a rabbit, but not with the cannon. Just as he was about to pull the trigger, a horse, the same one, came quietly from behind and sniffed on his shoulder. The gun went up and discharged, the horse reared, made an ominous sound and galloped away. Not seeing a cannon, it evidently had scented no danger. In the meantime the rabbit escaped. Believe it or not.

Other Physical Activities

We of the south side ["religious"] did not have as much free time as the northsiders. Much of our physical activity was manual labor. Varied indeed was the work both indoors and outdoors. It was like building a new town or city. Teaming, digging ditches, sodding (not merely sowing grass seed), planting trees and shrubbery on the premises and fruit trees for the orchard fell to our lot. After Brother Vic [Victor Zuber] came, he was the chief planter. Doesn't the view from the entrance to the College remind one of the interior of a vast Gothic church?

A number of students specialized in certain kinds of work, such as erecting new structures, laying brick, cement walks, plumbing, carpentering, painting, gardening, harvesting, killing and dressing meat, in fact, doing all kinds of chores. These activities kept us busy and usually out of mischief.

The Baker Gang

Some students formed groups according to the saying, birds of a feather flock together. These would somehow get jobs to their liking. In a way, they often controlled the student foreman. While cutting corn, they would rush through the rows and then perch on the fence until the slower ones arrived. Off the fence they would jump then and compel the others who worked hard to keep right on without a rest. Such things they enjoyed.

Perhaps their habitual tobacco chewing gave them more stamina. They were sent to the chapel one time to say the seven Penitential Psalms in common. When they read the verse, "I forgot to eat my bread," they chuckled. After the penance they gathered at their rendezvous and again enjoyed their J.T. [?] and other favorite brands all the more. ["Baker" may derive from student Leonard Baker. He is not listed among the alumni.]

Dozing and Priedieus

One cannot help recording personal affairs in such a write-up of reminiscences. Bob Mayer [later Father Robert Mayer, C.P.P.S.] was my boss in the carpenter shop. There was always enough work to do. However, not being very strong, I often felt the strain, going from the study hall to the class rooms, to the studio and shop. Feeling the need of a little rest, I would lie down on the lumber in the annex and take a little snooze during part of the noon hour. When the quitting bell rang, Bob said, "Sliver, wipe those shavings off your back, Father Ougust see that!" Bob was really considerate and wanted me to escape difficulties. To this day I am thankful

to him for it.

Besides the furniture for the sacristy, such as cases, we made several priedieus. Father August inspected them when they were finished, smiling sardonically at the fancy ornaments I put on the one I made. Bob's was simpler. In a few days I noticed that the priedieu I made was used by Father August. The hand rest had a certain tilt and was rather far removed from the kneeler. Thus comfort in kneeling was assured for a big man especially. Whether he chose it or the ristan put it in his place, is not known. It will remain an unsolved mystery. The long, substantial kneeling bench that Bob made is still in use on the north side of the vestry. To these things, the shavings and the priedieus, Father Robert and myself refer every time we meet.

Father August insisted on honest toil. His motto for himself and others was, ora et labora, pray and work. Particularly during the summer months he was the overseer, going about from place to place, wearing his long, yellowish much faded duster and a straw hat to match. Idlers and shirkers got busy when they saw him coming. For lack of funds, the lay brothers and students had to do practically all the work. Much hired help was out of the question.

One instance to show that Father meant business. From the grove he had observed a student hoeing in the garden. When quitting time came, he approached the student and had him try again. The work was considered too slow. After the student was given a demonstration by Father, he worked somewhat faster, but Father said, "Faster, Faster!" The speed was like quick motion in a movie; developed under stress, it was phenomenal.

No Vacation

A conscientious student once ventured to leave the study hall and rap at Father August's door to see him about the possibility of getting a little vacation with friends, alleging his failing health as a reason for the privilege. Father August turned on his swivel chair to face the student squarely and said with emotion, "What are you doing for the Community? That's out of the question!" Somewhat startled, the pleader emitted a sigh, backed out of the room and returned to the study hall. Father evidently meant he had not worked along enough. Besides, such an outing was not in the schedule.

What Will You Gimme?

On a Fourth of July, Brother Bill Zink, having conferred with Father August, which he did six days a week in the latter's room before breakfast, told some students that certain work was to be done that day. One of them said facetiously, "What will you gimme?" The following morning Father came to the study hall and quoted the mercenary question. "Has it come to this," he exclaimed, "expecting pay for work in a religious society!" The student left.

Eager To Go

When the first horse barn, which is no more, was being roofed, several disgruntled students repeated aloud, "Chickag, Chickago!" every time they drove in a nail. To Chicago they went.

Incidentally, it was the same little red barn from which at first, Brother Bill Zink's (later Brother Vic's) mail horse merged twice daily

to be hitched to the famous spring wagon with the top, and to be held nearby with a strap and weight, or at the hitching post, until the mail pouch, parcels, and shows were brought from the College Post Office or taken there.

Willful Deception

Once in a while a student got by. When a concrete foundation was being put down, a student like a horse in a shaft pulled the loaded wheelbarrow along a plank many feet from the ground. When Father August noticed the awkward and dangerous procedure, he said nothing, but in silent contempt substituted a sensible worker, just what the puller wanted.

Good-Natured Mimicry

A serio-comic incident. A student good at imitation impersonated Father August giving orders to the workers, rectifying blunders, prodding the slothful. The posture, the tone of voice, the expressions, all harmonized. When he looked around, he saw Father August, who had taken it all in. Was his face red!

When the labor was taxing and old sol beat down on us, a keg came rolling our way at lunch time, with the trimmings carried in baskets. Father August enjoyed the treat with us. Refreshed and with renewed vigor we pursued our work.

Without Benefit of Clergy

Sometimes the amber fluid was enjoyed without his presence or co-operation. Most ingenious ways were devised for smuggling in this contraband. On a Sunday morning, big fat Joe [?], who could do so with comparative immunity, carried a double-header covered with gunny sack on his shoulder from the northside grove to Zink's woods [probably south or west of the present soccer field]. A musicale given several years ago, showing a keg carried on a shoulder, and silhouetted with the caption, "In good spirits," reminded me of that incident.

After High Mass, the invited ones assembled in the woods and slaked their thirst. Went to dinner, then back again. Returned for Vespers, to be on the safe side, then out again to the woods. We found the giant carrier lying on his back asleep, not very far from the spigot.

A Runaway

Uncle [Basil Didier] went to town with a rig to get a keg. The horse became frightened. The result was a "circulation" of the keg on the street in town as well as that of news.

Truthful Denial

In the bookbindery, beer bottles were found by Father Benedict [Boebner] after a feast. Father questioned Meinrad [Koester] who worked in the bindery. He was really unaware of their presence, but had to do a lot of protesting and was seemingly believed.

A Close Shave

Rudy [Stolz], the barber, did tonsorial work for Father Max Walz. Before the work was finished the supper bell rang. Afterwards Father, who had taken supper earlier, furnished the meal plus a bottle of beer for the barber. Someone noticed the beer and reported the find to Father August. The following day, whilst the supposed culprit was being questioned, Father Max happened to come along and explained matters satisfactorily. It ended with "So, so, all right." A happy coincidence; case dismissed. Life in those days had its compensations, even for the under-pup.

Outings and Hikes

In those days, Hoosierland resembled the western prairies. It was the time of wide open spaces with few fences. Large barns were unknown. The livestock sought shelter in open sheds covered with heavy layers of snow in long, severe winters.

One Sleigh Ride

Brother Bill Zink gave some lively young students an old-fashioned sleigh ride with a "mud boat." The jingling of the bells and snow balling made for real romance. During the pell-mell throwing, the horses were hit, became frightened, unmanageable and foamed. After that no more sleigh rides.

Outings in the country were enjoyed by the secular students on free afternoons and free days. Each little group had its favorite farm home where the lady of the house baked pies and cookies for them, even fried chicken.

The Cherry Tree Episode

Returning from a hike, Tom Conroy, Skinny Mongovan and others told John Cogan, the chaperon, that a farmer had given them permission to help themselves to cherries when they were ripe. John, who was brought up on a farm, was skeptical, saying that the farmers in Ohio were not so liberal. He added, however, that if it were true, they might go ahead. They helped themselves generously, evidently too much so. That evening the owner of the farm west of the College, Henry Eigelsbach, came storming to the College, rushed to Father August's room, and being a man with a fiery temper, complained bitterly and threatened vehemently. Due settlement was made.

The Damaged Haystack

Several young students, city boys, found hilarious pastime crawling up a hay stack and sliding down. This was repeated until the stack was considerably altered in appearance. When the reports were sent home on schedule, there was an additional charge of seventy-five cents for hay. Naturally, the parents were in a quandary. Perhaps their sons had rented some riding horses. Inquiries from the homes were duly answered and the damage was paid.

The Chase

Far and wide, rabbits were plentiful, even near the College. One field was a wilderness of hazel-nut bushes. The football field mentioned was

west of
grove

covered with them before extensive clearings were made. On Sunday afternoons a number of us would line up and force our way through. The rabbits had to get out. At both ends students with shot guns awaited them. Joshua and Caleb carrying a heavy load of fruit on a bent rod had nothing on us carrying rabbits on a sagging pole. Hunting rabbits with clubs was also a favorite sport. Mighty nimrods were we.

Skating

In winter, too, the little pond furnished a good deal of pleasure and exercise, but the river [Iroquois] was more attractive. In those years it had not been dredged. After several cold nights the ice was safe, at other times very dangerous. Several broke through, but hung on until rescued. The more daring once skated as far as Brook. When they arrived there, they noticed that they had no spending money. Back they skated and got some. Outdoor life made for endurance.

A Sad Occurrence

One fine summer day in August, when Very Rev. Henry Drees, provincial, was paying the College a visit, we boys asked him to give us a free day. He did so. That meant scattering in different directions. [Florence] Tunney, Muinch [later Father Vincent Muinch, C.P.P.S.] and I followed others to the river. On the way Tunney was in exceptionally good spirits, wanted to trade vests with a passing farmer. At the river we were warned not to go in, because some that were coming out said the water was too cold. But in we went. At first Tunney was on a raft, then off, holding his nose tight as he was going sideways down stream. Evidently he had the cramps. Eusebius [Walter], a short chubby fellow., swam near him, put him on his back, but released him soon, convinced that both would have been in danger of drowning. Then we joined hands, but could not reach him. Around the bed of the treacherous Iroquois he floated, went down, up and down, until he disappeared. We rushed to Joe Nagel, who was working in a field near by. He came with a boat and rake. After a short time, he discovered the body, brought it out and laid it on the river bank. Life was extinct. How we boys felt and how Father Drees grieved! It was a warning for us boys. I accompanied him to the river, and escorted the remains to his burial place in Ohio [Wendelin]. There were several narrow escapes at other times.

The Easier Way

After a hard day's work in the scorching sun, several boys, especially the Baker gang, bridled farm horses and rode to the river in the evening. Finally, they followed the "bridle path."

A Speedy Outing

After a Sunday dinner, I took Father Neiberg to his church in town. On the return trip, the former race horse, hearing a rig coming from the rear, speeded up. Pulling on the lines was dangerous, because he had a tender mouth, would rear up and become unmanageable. Away he raced, turned in at the College entrance, narrow at the time, the buggy running on two wheels. He stopped in front of the closed door of the little horse barn. As I was walking to the College, Father Max and students who had seen the speeding,

eyed me with amazement. Of course, I didn't let on. Father Rudolph [Stolz] told me lately he let Dick run past the College up to cemetery hill until he became exhausted, then turned around and came home. A picture of Dick and the lawn mower was shown lately in Contact. A slower horse he was at the time the picture was taken.

The Band Again

After further practice and new members had joined, the band ventured forth to more distant points. We went to the church dedication at Fowler, helped the festivity wonderfully, and were served an excellent dinner. Simon [later Father Simon Kuhnmuensch, C.P.P.S.] had Fowler cigars for a long time. To some he gave cigars that didn't look so good any more, hoary with age. We also went to Remington. On that occasion we had our picture "took." Godfrey Buchrer], the leader, wore a white bosom shirt. After Father August saw the picture, he came to the study hall and harranged violently against such ultra-worldliness on the part of a religious student. I recall how Godfrey listened to the denunciation with a blank facial expression.

The Unlicensed Taxi

In the days of the horse bus, several who were hard up, thought of a practical way of making a little spending money. They hitched two horses to the big spring wagon and drove to the station to meet the night train. Unfortunately, only one passenger, a salesman, boarded the "bus." At the hotel he mentioned that the other bus driver charged only fifteen cents from the station to the hotel. They apologized, saying they had forgotten what the price was. From the station to the College the fee was twenty-five cents. This is what the boys evidently had in mind. A lot of bother and embarrassment for the small fee obtained.

The Outing of Outings

Without even the thought of a vacation for us Community boys in those early years, what a surprise when we were told to get ready to go to the Columbian Exposition at Chicago! It was almost unbelievable, coming like a bolt out of the blue. Each student was expected to furnish five dollars, if possible, to defray expenses. The money was to be pooled. Being postal clerk, sorting and distributing the mail, with occasional sweeping, I came across my letter from home which was registered. The implication is clear.

How to get ready was the problem to solve. We had outgrown our suits, and with wearing cassocks we didn't need Sunday suits. Some from abroad had nothing suitable to wear. However, by means of buying, bartering and exchanging, we finally made it. Of course, there were high-water mark pants, some fits were rather snug, others ample.

I don't remember how we got the heavy luggage to the station. It was probably taken down in a farm wagon. On the train, Father Neiberg, the chaparron, passed through the coach and gave each one fifty cents for incidentals. When he came to me, he had only thirty-five cents in change. What an amount to spend at a World's Fair! What made me feel it all the more was the fact that I was Father's room boy, i.e., I had the job of taking care of his room.

It was my second ride on the Monon after two years, this time north-

bound. Apart from Cedar Lake, there wasn't much to see along the route. As we marched to the Exposition grounds, some wag yelled at us, "Hello, Germany, when did you get off the boat?"

For every five there was a suitcase or an enormous satchel containing food. Jerome [Ueber] got tired of carrying the heavy burden. Following Seimetz, who belonged to his group, he said pleadingly, "Ambrose, trag du den Saetschel auch amol." (Ambrose, take a turn to carry the grip, too.) But Simmy paid no attention. He and his pal, Dailey, acted as if they didn't belong to the crowd. Then Jerome ran ahead and set the grip down in front of Seimetz, who then stooped to pick it up. He actually carried it to the grounds.

We checked the luggage and scattered over the Exposition grounds, taking in as much of the grandeur of the Fair as possible within the allotted time. For dinner we met at the checking room, but Simmy was not there. Hungry as we were, we had to wait till he came with the checks. In a rather prominent place, we occupied benches. If I mistake not, it was a small island. Eagerly we opened the suit cases containing the eats. The good Sisters packed in loaves of bread, sandwiches, dried beef, hard-boiled eggs, cheese, pickles, and cookies. Thermos bottles were scarce at the time. How we were observed by the pedestrians!

After dinner, when about a dozen of us came to a soft drink stand, Denis [Schweitzer] said in a fatherly way, being much older, "Come on boys, I'll furnish the drinks." He bought each one a penny glass of water.

The Ferris Wheel

Chris [Daniel] and I happened to see Fathers Neiberg and Walz going towards the Ferris Wheel. We followed them, and when they spied us, Father Neiberg gave each one a dime and told us to go to the Streets of Cairo, saying they had been there and enjoyed them very much. I was still a nickel shy [for a Ferris Wheel ride]. We skipped the Streets and went to the German Beer Garden. At the St. Louis Exposition in 1904, I took a ride on the same Ferris Wheel at night, determined not to be outdone by the two generous Fathers who gave us the slip at Chicago.

Some boys spent their change recklessly. For instance, Eulogius [Deininger], called also Jugologaius, bought a guide and a pair of smoked eye glasses, hence hadn't even a nickel left for street car fare to the hotel. "I got no money," he exclaimed, waving his hand when the conductor wanted to put him off the car. It was dark. Having arrived at the hotel, we hurried to the water tank and emptied it. The water boy refilled it, but soon it was drained again. When he called back to refill, he said in utter disgust, "Oh, send the whole d--- bunch to the lake!"

Although tired and exhausted, I couldn't sleep, because I wasn't used to "doubling up" and the pestiferous bedlamites [bed bugs] eager for new blood tortured us throughout the night. I was glad when morning came. I don't remember how we got our breakfast.

About to take the boat for a ride on the lake to Dearborn station, we missed Robert [Mayer], of all persons, the study hall prefect. When we boarded the train in the shed for the return trip, we found him on the train, comfortably seated. He had taken the street car whilst we enjoyed the boat ride on Lake Michigan.

Unforgettable is the grand outing to the Columbian Exposition in spite of many handicaps, such as shortage of money, and many hardships. Those happenings were merely incidental, inevitable. Things might have been worse.

I can still picture the replicas of the Nina, Pinta, and Santa Maria in the placid water of the lagoon. We naturally associated the term Columbian exposition with the names of our little paper, the Columbian, and of our literary society.

When I visited the Second World's Fair at Chicago, I couldn't help recalling the first one, the glory and grandeur of whose buildings far surpassed the austere simplicity of the streamlined structures of the second Fair. Indelible impressions were made on our young, plastic minds.

A Double Outing

A student visited a family in Rensselaer off and on. Whilst the rector, Father Benedict, was in Chicago, he risked another visit and stayed rather late. Having returned to the College, he was told that the rector called for him. Fearing the worst, he faked a telegram to the effect that his mother was very low, and that he should come home at once. Home he went. Later on, the Provincial met the student's pastor and asked him whether the lady had recovered from her serious illness. The surprised pastor said she had not been sick at all. The student finally went to Africa and became a Trappist monk. Years afterwards he gave a lantern slide lecture at the College on his missionary activities. The ways of Providence are indeed wonderful.

Public Expulsions

Solemn and serious was the occasion of a public expulsion carried out invariably in the study halls. With mingled feelings the assembled students awaited the coming of Father August. He would give a moral lecture with all the vigor at his command, state the case in all its bearings. After he had pronounced sentence he told the expelled student to leave the study hall, get ready and take the next train out. Nobody was permitted to communicate with him.

A Typical Case

The moral code was strictly enforced. Consorting with persons of the opposite sex was strictly forbidden. Philandering was out. Even correspondence was severely censured. A certain Hilary [Herman] was flirting near the parish cemetery with some girls who were on their way home. They reported the affair. The following morning before class, we assembled in the study hall as usual. Father August, accompanied by Father Paulinus Trost, spiritual director, entered the study hall. Father August began and continued with a fervor and indignation that were unexcelled, stating the case fully, and stressing that it was a most serious one.

He ordered Hilary to come forward and take off his cassock, which he had desecrated. Then Father August stepped out into the corridor and brought in a bundle of strong twigs tied together. He gave the flirter a thorough flogging that left a deep impression on the recipient and on us all for the time being. During the trouncing, Father Trost, who stood by, said, "That's right, give it to him, knock the Devil out of him!" A new kind of exorcism it was. The next train took on another passenger and we went about our daily tasks. We considered the cemetery, that furnished the grave for his affections, a rather unsuitable place for flirting.

A Contrast

What a contrast between the Father August at the time of such an expulsion and on the occasion of Christmas morning when Robert [Mayer], the prefect, led the procession from the study hall to his room, extended the greetings of the Holy Season, and Father graciously responded and distributed Christmas pictures and candy! The Christmas joy literally beamed from his eyes.

Franks

Little Goerge Diefenbach from the dormitory window, third floor, noticed Father August walking in front of the building, praying his Office [Breviary]. The urchin got a bowl of water, waited until Father was right below him, then emptied the bowl in front of him on the cement walk. Father dropped the Breviary on the slope, rushed upstairs and searched, but in vain.

Snakes

Tiny [Ignatius] Zircher, the poet, became hysterical at the sight of a snake. He found one when he raised the lid of his deak in the study hall, and another when he opened his bed.

The Watermelon

Faustin, later Bernard [Ersing], after he had resumed his baptismal name, while chief gardener selected the best watermelon and buried it in the rabbit pen to keep it cool. In the evening after night prayers, he and his pals went there to enjoy the feast after a hot day. From a window high up, Vincent Muinch happened to see the hiding process, filched the cool melon and shared it with his friends.

The Green

On St. Patrick's Day morning, invariably a free day, some fellows of Teutonic descent tied a large green ribbon to Bismark's tail [the College mascot dog, a St. Bernard]. The dog went about proudly, waving and holding it aloft as if he meant to say, "The top of the mornin' to you." This of course aroused the Celts. The Teutons had no specified day to celebrate during the school year. To even up matters, some of them went to the river June 6, St. Boniface Day, for a picnic, chaperoned by Father Paulinus Trost, who on that occasion was at his best.

An Implied Prank

In miniature we had an ultra-modern Diogenes at the College the first years. Little [Edward] Koenig smoked cigarettes in a barrel up in the attic. Enough for the prefect to denounce the flagrant, dangerous act in the Attic dialect. If King Alexander had gone up to see him, he couldn't have told him to step aside to let the sunshine come in.

Bravado

A man by the name of Frank Smith worked at the College. He boasted that his prowess was unsurpassed. The students took up the challenge. They

told him that a prowler had been seen off and on. The barn, his alleged sleeping quarters, showed evidence of his presence. A warm hollow in the haymow revealed his stay at night. Frank was taken to the barn to feel the warm bed in the hay after the man had arisen, frightened away by approaching foot steps. Evening after evening, Frank and some students went about carrying firearms.

On one occasion after dark, a student spied the mysterious stranger in the south side grove. Thither they went. Hiding behind a tree, the prowler flourished a glistening revolver. None of the students had the heart to shoot, but all urged the intrepid Frank to enter the duel. He took accurate aim, pulled the trigger and felled the intruder. Dismayed, he and the rest fled from the scene. The students urged him to go to town at once, give himself up to the authorities and explain matters. A restless night he spent. In the morning the associates of the fatal night brought him to the front of the old boiler house and showed him the slain victim, uncovered a straw man. The pale, nervous Frank turned red for shame and indignation. He was speechless. A sadder and a wiser man was he. No longer a braggadocio. The supposed victim tied to the tree fell after the shot when a student pulled a long cord to which a sharp instrument was attached.

Some Faculty Pranks

Good natured Father Eugene Grimm was a fit subject upon whom to play pranks. After supper, during which he napped unintentionally, the entire faculty slipped into his room, knelt down around his bed and prayed the Angelus whilst the tower bell was ringing. In a subdued tone, they said also the De Profundis for the Poor Souls. During that prayer, Father awoke, all flustered, and imagined for the moment that he was dying. He soon came to and jumped off the bed, glad that he was hale and hearty.

After a Thanksgiving dinner, a member of the faculty challenged him to a race on the track in the north side grove. After they had run fast for some distance, Father Eugene halted, felt bad, looked very pale. He almost collapsed. He had to be led slowly to his room. After a rich, heavy dinner, it was not advisable to race.

On a free day in fair weather, several Fathers made a bet with him that he couldn't walk to Remington, a distance of eleven miles from the College in three hours. He took up the bet. After some time, two of the bettors followed him with horse and buggy to see to it that he didn't get a ride. At Remington in the rectory, he lay on the couch, sore-footed and completely exhausted. He said a person can make a fool of himself by going at it in the right way.

The Culinary Department

The first building was indeed a "combine" and more. In the basement were the kitchen and dining rooms. Between classes we could tell that sauerkraut would be served for dinner. In the corridor while exchanging classrooms, a student said to another, "Hello, sauerkraut!" Quick at repartee, the other one replied, "Yehs, be glade you hafe sour groud." For lack of space both student bodies used the same dining room. This made for good cheer and mutual edification. It was like a big family with Daddy at the head.

Already then the famous fried potatoes were served and relished. I heard lots about them, but somehow could never give them a real test the better part of them, because a big fellow across the table was the first

to take the dish. He would scrape nearly all the hard fried ones from the top onto his plate. It was the case of the lion and the fox, the lion's share, and the Devil take the hindmost. He pushed the top portion in the cream pitcher with his fork into his cup. He must have liked it. A shrewd observer noticed that every time before a literary program we had ginger snaps for supper. The good Sisters perhaps intended to ginger us up for the ordeal. They prepared good, simple, wholesome meals, as one said, they did their best to keep us in good humor. One student wrote home, saying that he was about starving. He gained twenty-five pounds a year. He wanted more pastries and cookies, fancy desserts.

Hearth Bread

The College authorities judged that coarse, home-made bread baked in the big oven would be most wholesome and eventually relished even by the city boys. Among the Community students was a former baker from Corning, Ohio, considerably older than the rest, who had run a bakery in his home town. One claimed that his upturned right thumb received its curvature from pressing nickels on the counter.

Of course, Denis [Schweitzer] was commissioned to bake, in fact, he vounteered his service. Nifty he looked, wearing the baker's white cap and apron. On account of the new equipment, not broken in, and his lack of practice for a long time and other causes, the first loaves did not turn out so well. The dough did not rise sufficiently and was overbaked. The first bread had lapidary qualities, fit for the stone age. Seimetz called it "Schleifstein Brot" (grind stone bread), and suggested that specimen loaves be sent to the Michigan City prison near his home town to be used as balls for the chains. Students who had good molars enjoyed the product and thrived on it. They had no pyorrhea. By and by the bread became tops.

The New Dough Mixer

When the electric current was brought from Rensselaer to the College, a dough mixer was installed in the basement. It made a terrific noise. Visitors who slept over the mixer were aroused at an unusually early hour. A lady rushed into the hallway, wondering whether the building was collapsing.

Lunch

In the absence of a coffee shop, lunch was served the secular students during the afternoon recess. A Brother stood at the north side of the building, holding a large platter stacked high with dozens of pieces of molasses-soaked bread. As the hungry ones filed by, each one took a piece or two according to his appetite or for an absent pal. The well nearby furnished the drinks that tasted like the French Lick mineral water.

Once a disgruntled, satiated or mischievous fellow gave the platter a mighty blow from beneath, scattering the pieces far and wide. That ended the lunch service for a long time.

The Infirmary

Sickness of a malignant kind was not prevalent in those halcyon days. However, because of the swampy condition of the land, catarrh became a chronic ailment with the weaker ones especially. That fact was proverbial among

doctors far and wide. When the eight-day grippe came around, the Kneipp water treatment was applied. Well do we recall that Brother Vic had us take cold sitz baths, or have us seated in a high, tin-lined cabinet with the door closed. He turned on the steam until the water and perspiration coursed down our bodies. After that we were plunged into a large bath tub filled with cold water.

Sometimes he gave us a "Wickel" [compress]. He dipped a bed sheet into ice-cold water, wrapped it around us and put us to bed where we lay quiet until we gradually brought on a reaction, copious sweating.

At other times, we leaned over a vessel of hot water, in which hay blossoms were strewn. We inhaled the fumes and thus broke up head colds. Those were radical cures. The cold water treatments were calculated to harden the system.

Ordinarily, he gave us milder treatment, homeopathic pellets and tablets.

A Few Incidents

The limb of a falling tree struck Sandy [Alexander] Cook's head, causing a skull fracture. He was carried unconscious to the infirmary which was located in the second story of the south west end [of the original Ad Building]. Lying on the couch, he took a large wad of tobacco from his mouth and handed it to a pal before Father August arrived. The spontaneous act seemed to be the result of habit in times of danger.

It seems we had too much fun to feign sickness or to stall. In later years, however, that tendency developed. For instance, Dowling [?] used crutches on account of toe trouble. He stayed in the infirmary. One morning Brother Cobbs called on him and said, "Dowling, do you know that a free day was declared, and that your team said it couldn't get along without you?" The cripple jumped up, swung the crutches in a way that resembled the comic strip in the Sunday paper. Down he went and joined his team.

A student who noticed that patients in the infirmary fared rather well both ways, resolved to make a trial. He went over, was examined and assigned a bed. At noon he was given a plate of thin soup, also in the evening. He complained, but was told that he was a very sick boy and had to go on a strict diet. The next morning he was cured, joined the ranks for studies and other activities.

Another student maintained that he had lost the use of his voice, could not speak above a whisper. The doctor examined him, but found nothing wrong. Thereupon the Rector gave him twenty minutes to regain his voice. Before the time was up, he had regained it fully.

Blessing of Throats

In the morning of the Feast of St. Blase, a priest in cassock, surplice and stole went to the infirmary to bless the throats of the patients. Brother Vic opened the door of a room and aroused the patient from sleep, saying, "Say, Tschon, candle Blase!" Just aroused and the head end of the bed being near the door, the patient didn't realize at once what was happening when he saw the crossed lighted candles and heard the expression. The German names are "Blasius Kerze, Blasius Segen" [St. Blase Candle, St. Blase Blessing].

Religion

Right Rev. Joseph Dwenger, bishop of the diocese and member of our Society, urged that St. Joseph's College be built and located on the diocesan property occupied by the orphan home. It was to be primarily a preparatory seminary. This purpose gave the institution the religious tone and atmosphere.

Of giant stature, the bishop was proportionately a religious man. We aborigines remember him because during the year and a half that elapsed between the opening of the College and his death, he visited us several times. Dwenger Hall perpetuates his memory, as does the name, Bishop Dwenger Council, 1881, of the Knights of Columbus in Rensselaer.

The Chapels

For the first two years the chapel was at the southern end of the second story, after that at the northern end. Both student bodies, the brothers and sistes, worshipped in the cozy little chapels, we in cassock, the secular students in civil and the brothers in cassock with the wide, red flannel belt, emblematic of the Precious Blood and a constant reminder of our sublime mission. A visitor asked whether they belonged to the St. Joseph's fire department. The presence of the devout nuns, who had no oratory of their own, served as an example of true devotion in the house of God for us boys.

The Service

Full divine service was held on Sundays and week days. For us, it meant starting the morning prayers at ten minutes of five, with Holy Mass following soon. For the seculars around six o'clock. Don't remember when the longer sleeps for the secular students began on Monday mornings and free days. High Mass on Sundays and Holy Days was at eight. The choir was brought to a high degree of efficiency by Father Benedict, who was a good singer and director.

The faculty members, especially Father August, preached excellent sermons with unusual earnestness and unction. The opening sermon was a gem. During his fiery sermon Father Nageleisen worked himself up to a high pitch. We servers could see the spittle fly. Fervent indeed was Father Eugene, unique with a singular gesture.

After dinner, all inmates assembled in chapel for a visit and special prayers were said in unison. In Lent, the Way of the Cross was made daily after dinner.

Vespers

On Sunday afternoons all students chanted Vespers. Trained by Father Nageleisen, we knew the various tones for the psalms, including the peregrinus. In everybody's hands was the bulky Roman Hymnal. Although the cover was red, it was called by some the Roman "Schimmel" [white horse?]. All students were members of the Marian Sodality and said the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception in common.

[or moldy color]

Evening Devotions

Well do we remember Father August's evening meditations. He knelt in

the sanctuary, facing the main altar at an angle, and led in the last prayers, including the examination of conscience. Then he started with "Come, O Holy Ghost, etc." We knew that there would be a meditation. Rarely was it omitted. Those meditative discourses gave him an opportunity to bring home religious principles and practical lessons based on his experience and observation. Occasionally, for the sake of variety, some other Father would substitute. I recall that several times during a meditation given by Father Benedict, we made several moves to kneel down, but were prevented from so doing by the continuance of the discourse.

Arms Extended

During part of the evening devotions we prayed with arms extended. Some extended them horizontally, others vertically, several at an angle, some held them high, whilst a few placed the elbows on the hand rest. Nothing like variety.

Daily Benediction

The seculars also had to attend daily Benediction in the evening, except Sunday, when it was given after Vespers. At times some of them joined us in evening prayers to perform their penances for infractions of the rules of discipline. Chapel penances were plentiful.

Silent Sunday

We of the Society had our full schedule of religious exercises. How we assembled on the Silent Sunday once a month in chapel for an hour in the morning and again towards evening to meditate on death! We all had a copy of St. Alphonsus' book on death, replete with serious and drastic reading matter, three points for each meditation, followed by a gripping and soul-stirring prayer for a happy death. Some impression, willy-nilly, had to be made. It was hard to forego athletics on those Sundays, but upon earnest pleading by the prefect, Father August would at times shorten the meditations.

Serving at the Altar

One morning when my turn came to serve, I went to the sacristy and stood there whilst Father August was vesting. I should have lighted the candles, but didn't want to do so without wearing a surplice. This delay, of course, interfered with his known promptness. When he was vested he came towards me, pulled me to the end of the large vestment case and said, pointing to the surplices, "Why do you come in here before you know where the things are?" Luckily, already wearing a cossock, I didn't have to put that on. casock.

After Communion, he watched me taking the cruets from the table. I took the wrong ones, there being several sets on the side table. In the sacristy, I expected the worst. But silence, perhaps with contempt, was the answer after Mass. According to the rubrics, Father was reciting the psalm "Benedicite." Perhaps that saved the situation. Having served his Mass as a little lad in Ohio, I thought I was all set. Aber nit [but not]!

The servers remember how they had to watch in order to know when to say Deo Gratias after the Epistle and carry the Missal. Father August would

not turn his head to give us a signal, but merely paused a little. We had to observe his lips. If the server by mistake knelt back of him, he was out of luck.

At the "Suscipiat," a difficult prayer, we faltered, thinking he was listening to find out how many words we skipped or fumbled. In fact, he wanted to now when to say "Amen." Presumably, he said it at times with hesitation after a jumbled "Suscipiat." At least his "Amen" sometimes sounded like it. Anyhow we thought it did.

At the altar he was very intense, offered up the Holy Sacrifice with the deepest reverence and evident devotion. That impression is still with us.

Lightning Strikes

One sultry morning during Mass in the first chapel, lightning struck the west side chimney with a terrific crash. The entire College building was illuminated. Father Trost was kneeling at the open window on the west side. Father August was at the main altar. A server at a side altar had his foot against a steam pipe and received a shock. Some of us who were in a torpor on account of the early hour and heavy atmosphere were aroused and emitted groans. It was soon over. A hole in the large chimney and a few shattered shutters in the tower were the only damage caused by the stroke.

In those years lightning strokes were of frequent occurrence. A team of horses and a man were killed. A bolt came into the priests recreation room along the telephone wire where one of the Fathers was seated. It sounded like the discharge of a revolver and sent a streak of fire into the room. Father Mark jumped away in time.

Secrets of the Confessional

On a Thursday evening, I happened to get into the confessional in which Father August was substituting. Seeing his profile, I was startled, wanted to leave, but stayed and found him to be the mildest of confessors. Some of the secular students said Father Eugene told them in the confessional, "Well, now, renew your sins once more."

An Open Secret

In later years the following happened. Father Ignatius Rauh said aloud, very loud, to a student in the confessional, "You scoundrel!" All knew why, because towards evening of that day the penitent had come too near a pole cat. Even after he had returned to the pew, he did not emit the odor of sanctity. It was pretty hard on us too.

A Strange Incident

One peculiar occurrence still lingers in my memory. A Community student, Hermenegild [Oser], used to stay in chapel long after the rest had left. He held his head forward and sideways, seemed to be immobile, with hands folded. Later he left, married a minister's daughter who lost her mind on the train during the wedding trip.

Grottos

Not long after his arrival, student Faustin [Ersing] suggested building a grotto. He had seen many a one in Europe, both large and small. Soon we gathered stones of various sizes and boulders in remote places, hauled them in and set them up according to his directions. He did not intend to produce a replica of the famous Lourdes Grotto with the Pyrenees as a background, but rather a large, outdoor niche for the statues of the Blessed Virgin and Bernadette, a devotional shrine.

He designed and built it, and built well. During a terrific storm that brought down many gigantic trees at the College and roundabout, including Rensselaer, one large tree fell on the grotto and broke in two, leaving the grotto unharmed. He also built the large grotto at our seminary in Ohio, where the saintly Father Cosmas [Seeberger] in the evenings, with many candles burning, knelt and stood in the grotto, singing hymns in honor of the Blessed Virgin with a fervor all his own. Father Faustin, the builder of the grottos, passed away in 1937, leaving the grottos as monuments to his memory.

The College Grotto Expands

I can hardly refrain from inserting here a serio-comic idea of Brother Phoebe [Brother Fidelis Baker], who said when the larger grotto was contemplated, "Let's put our heads together and build a grotto." It was a little "off color," because "niggerheads" are generally used for the purpose.

A long span of years was bridged over between the erection of the first comparatively small grotto and its generous enlargement, including the Gethsemane chapel showing our Lord in agony, several years ago under the supervision of Father Albin Scheidler, who also designed well and built solidly. A happy idea it was to preserve the original with its hallowed associations. Thus the larger one grew out of the smaller as if organically, like a growth in nature.

Dedications

Few remember the dedication of the first, but many more that of the second grotto, when Father Faustin came from Wisconsin to bless the combined structure. After the dedication, how reverently he sat vested in cope before the grotto he built, and listened attentively and reminiscently to the inspirational and appealing address delivered by Father Ildephonse Rapp, using a huge stone for an outdoor pulpit. He referred impressively to the attractive and venerable little grotto so snugly situated at the southern end of the grove, which finally grew into the greatly enlarged Lourdes Grotto in harmony with the phenomenal expansion of the College. In the first years the small one served its purpose admirably well as does the present vastly superior one for the larger College.

I have accompanied visitors to the Grotto by day and in the evening when the flood light illumined the devotional white statues of Mary Immaculate and little Bernadette and produced a pleasing light and shade effect, enhanced by the vari-colored, burning votive lights. When leaving the Grotto in the dark, I asked the visitors to take a final look from a distance. They were delighted and told me later that the charming view and deep impression were unforgettable.

During all those years, the grottos certainly helped foster devotion to the Blessed Virgin, not merely during the students' College career. How

many visits were made there to honor Mary Immaculate and invoke her intercession! The processions in May and on the feast of Corpus Christi enlivened the Faith and aroused the spiritually slothful and lukewarm by kindling devotion in the hearts of the participants. They brought home to many the fact that this beloved country of ours has been dedicated to Mary Immaculate, the Mother of our Eucharistic Savior.

The three statues of Mary, our Mother, in the chapel, at the Grotto and high up in front of the administration building [now standing behind Xavier-McHale Building] may serve as reminders that all should dedicate themselves daily to the service of the Mother of God and their spiritual Mother.

Such are the hallowed reminiscences, some vivid, others dim, of long ago. Pathos and humor, sometimes apart, at other times mingled, permeate the recollections without any intentional irreverence. I have recorded them from the viewpoint of a participant and witness, recalled them in the twilight of accumulated years for Auld Lang Syne. With Aeneas of old, we could hopefully say, "Forsitan et haec olim meminisse juvabit." (Perhaps in the future, it will be a delight to recall these events.)

My Dear Mr. Schreiber,

In answer to your request for some of the early history of St. Joseph's College, for some little incidental stories of the early history of the College, as you express it, it struck me that an account of the arrival of the first students, coming in a group from Fort Wayne, Indiana, might gain the attention of the later students. This would give them a basis of comparison between their own emotions and reactions on their day of enrollment as students and the feelings and reactions of the primitive group that presented itself on the opening day of the College. It might be said that the primitive group did not have in mind its enrollment as students exclusively—that group had come to help with the opening of the institution, and felt quite sincerely that it was to take its place among the founding fathers of the College. It is needless to say that this high ambition had vanished before the sun had gone down that evening.

This item alone—the feeling that they had come to assist in the establishment of the College draws a radical distinction between the first class to enroll and all the other classes in the years that have come and gone in the history of the institution. I assume, and I know beyond a doubt that the assumption is correct, that no other class had the audacious idea that its arrival at the College could even be remotely connected with the establishment of the institution, or at all necessary for its continuance. The later classes, I am sure, were happy that they had been accepted as students, and it never entered their minds that they might have some part in the administration of affairs. That first class, however, could offer a reason for their seeming audacity. It had been told by the priests in the city of Fort Wayne, and by Bishop Dwenger, who, in their meetings with the boys, remarked repeatedly that we were being sent to Rensselaer to open up the College. Of course, in the light of later knowledge, we learned that their language was merely figurative. But boys were boys in those ancient days, the same as they are now, and could get more out of a sentence than the maker of it ever intended to put into it. So, in their interpretation of the language that they had heard from their superiors in the city of Fort Wayne, the first large group of students to enter the College left to the experts in rhetoric that fine distinction between literal and figurative language, and proceeded to edge, or strong-arm their way into the charmed circle of founding fathers or the organizing factors of the institution. They had the spirit of a crusade in their souls, and felt that the institution which was then rising on the western prairies of Indiana to open its long career of glorious achievement would fail lamentably at the very start unless they were there to support and steady the infant as it began its journey down the years. And now how remote it all seems! And quite beyond our understanding how even immature youths could harbor such delusions. But that is the history of the attitude and ambition of the first class, described in the cold, calculating language of the historian. It

may be that the first class was lame in scholastic accomplishment, but the state of mind in which they entered College sets them apart at a long and safe distance from any other class.

I have always been convinced that the sad delusions of this early group of students, in assuming that they had gone west across the state of Indiana to set up some institution, or open up something, harmed neither the institution nor the students themselves. The faculty had the saving wisdom to look down on us, not in anger, but in mellow sympathy. It knew clearly and at once that we had come to be educated and developed—that mowing down the weeds was perhaps more important than planting a crop. It permitted us to linger under the impression that our work was to organize something even if we had only the vaguest ideas of what the something was, or might result in. In these later years, it strikes me that the attitude of the faculty toward the attitude of a lot of young crackpots is the strongest argument to prove that the faculty was equal to the task in hand. To break the spirit of these youngsters was not to educate them, but to turn them into outlaws, at least of the mild kind. The faculty was laying the foundation of the institution, and it did not reject solid stone just because it was rough, and if the human minds that were to form the superstructure were somewhat bizarre and grotesque they were still made to fit in by competent hand. The illusions of the boys were not to be destroyed, but directed into other channels and made useful. —177.

In the early part of September, 1896, the Fort Wayne students went to St. Joseph's College under the leadership of the Reverend John F. Lang, then Chancellor of the Diocese of Fort Wayne, and the assistant at the Cathedral. They left Fort Wayne about nine in the evening on the Wabash railroad, which made connections at Delphi, Indiana, with the Monon railroad for Rensselaer, Indiana. They arrived in Rensselaer early in the morning, and were taken out to the College in some buses that must at one time have brought up the rear of Sherman's army in his march to the sea, during the Civil War. The jolting and rough riding on the way out to the College over roads that had the corrugated surface of a wash board did not add much to the gaiety of the crowd that was journeying to broaden their intellects and sharpen their wits at an institution of higher learning. They were not aware at the time, of course, that their wits needed sharpening and their intellects any broadening. That was to come some years later. So, this little band of seekers after wisdom approached their destination. The only curiosity that moved them was to find out who the teachers were to be. Try to picture this brigade of volunteer students.

"All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred."

Tennyson might not have been inspired to write poetry if he had seen them, but he sensed their feeling in The Charge of the Light Brigade. Instead of six hundred there were thirteen students in the group: James B. Fitzpatrick, Edward J. Mungovan, John Woulfe, James J. Connelly, Thomas Hearlihee, Thomas M. Conroy, James McKendry, et al. After the bumpy ride to the College had been completed, the boys who made up the Fort Wayne

group piled out of the dilapidated buses, and Lo! in the dim light of the dawn they saw with bulging eyes for the first time the men who were to manage the institution, and be their bosses for a long time to come. Columbus' crew on his voyage in search of the new world could not have been more curious as their eyes beheld the flashes of waves that beat upon San Salvador. There they were! Seven of them wearing priestly cassocks and standing upon the sandy slope that rose to meet the basement walls of the main college building. As if by design, the boys from Fort Wayne concentrate on one of the clerical figures. He seems to dominate all the rest, tall and of impressive figure in any company, sharp and direct of eye, power radiated from him as flames burst from dry wood. One look at him subdued us. Instantly, as we gazed upon him who was as superbly poised as a Greek athlete, with electric swiftness it flashed into our minds that we were not going to run the institution, so long as he lingered around. During the five years that this group spent at the College the first impression of that strong man, Father August, remained and became even more favorable as the years went on. His majestic appearance, his physical power, his mental keenness, his masculine piety, his simplicity, were some of the elements that went into the composition of this unusual priest. No wonder that our admiration and affection for him grew boundlessly. And when later years enabled us to see more fully his qualities of mind and heart—his sense of justice, his unselfishness, his unbreakable loyalty to what he considered the right, a man whom the art of flattery could never win and subserviency never weaken, who was always objective in his judgments and impartial in his decisions, all of us knew as if by instinct that this person could vitalize an institution through many anniversaries. We are told that an institution is always the extension of some great personality if the institution is worth-while. In the year of the fiftieth anniversary, the friends of St. Joseph's College can see clearly the projection of that personality, like a beam of sunlight across the skies, illuminating all the years from the establishment of the College down to this anniversary year. And no prophesy is necessary for the statement that when the hundredth anniversary rolls around that beam of sunlight will still light the way of the College on its upward path to glorious achievement—the strength of that almost unique personality will carry it on. The erection of a residence hall for students in memory of Father Seifert is as much of a tribute to the present faculty of the College as it is to Father August. The building of this hall and the naming of it after Father Seifert is an assurance of the future glory of St. Joseph's College for the very obvious reason that if the faculty of the present time reveres the memory of its early, outstanding members there is no danger of decay for the institution. They understand that the lifegiving sap is drawn from the earth by the trunk and its roots, and is then distributed to the branches which bear the fruit. To ignore the trunk is to

neglect the branches, and then there is no fruit.

Another member of the faculty who greeted the Fort Wayne students on their arrival at the College was Father Paulinus. He wore a long black beard, and his facial adornment almost removed him from the ranks of the clergy, in the judgement of the Fort Wayne boys. They had never seen a priest with a beard. They at once jumped to the conclusion that he was not a member of the faculty. On our first Sunday at the College, the schedule called for a study period at ten o'clock in the morning. The boys' schedule called for a trip of exploration to find the Iroquois River. The hike in search of the river began about nine thirty. As we reached the road west of the College and were about to go through the gate, we were halted by Father Paulinus and told to return for the study period. The boys went blithely on their way. On their return, they were called before Father August who asked them why they did not return when told to do so by a priest. They informed Father August that no priest had told them to return. He insisted that they had been advised to come back for the study period by a priest. The boys answered by saying that a brother, or someone wearing a cassock, advised them to return, but their advisor was not a priest because he had a beard. That ended the interview. A few moments later we heard Father August and Father Paulinus in conversation, in an adjoining room, and this part of the conversation reached our ears.

"Well, Father Paulinus, you might as well take off that beard, or the students will not believe that you are a priest."

It appears that Father Paulinus enjoyed the incident immensely. Ever afterward there was the finest feeling between Father Paulinus and the students. Father Paulinus was of a very amiable disposition. He never failed to greet the students pleasantly when he met them. He soon knew them all by name, and always seemed eager to engage them in conversation. We were convinced that he was sincerely interested in us. In those days nicknames were bestowed like decorations from a king, and Father Paulinus was known to the boys as "Pa" Paulinus. Father August was named "Daddy" August. Nicknames usually define a person better than a long description. In these two instances, the masculine character of the persons was emphasized. And surely, there was a characteristic shared in common by the members of the faculty, it was the quality of masculinity. They were wholesome and virile, as great characters always are. Femininity, softness, and cissiness never entered into their make-up.

Father Benedict Boebner was the prefect of discipline, that is, he had charge of whatever discipline Father August could not take care of, which was not very much. He was rather stern and rigid in his ideas of boy supervision. In that position he could never hope to become a hero in the eyes of the boys. Though his ideas of discipline at times seemed to us excessive and his methods of enforcing obedience to the rules rather cruel, yet he was naturally of a mild disposition. In

spite of his assumed strictness, the boys came to believe that Father Benedict felt that he should act like a top sergeant in the army in order to secure the respect that his office deserved. Otherwise, the boys had only admiration for him, and the greatest respect for him as a teacher who was a credit to his profession.

The junior member of the group that inducted us into College life was Deacon Joseph Sailer. Our knowledge at that time of clerical gradation was rather meagre. At home we had heard of course of Methodist deacons and deaconesses, but they were just names and designations to us, and in our own church relations we had never come in contact with a deacon. We soon learned that a deacon was not a priest, but as deacon he could preach and administer Holy Communion. Deacon Sailer was about twenty years old. He had a very cherubic appearance—much like the cherubs one sees in classical, religious paintings. Looking like a angel was a distinct handicap to Deacon Sailer. He wanted us to know that despite his angelic looks he was quite husky and every inch a man. One day he remarked that he could wrestle anyone boy from Fort Wayne, and take four falls out of every five attempts. One of our boys, John Woulfe, was very athletic and was eager to show his prowess as a wrestler. A match was arranged between Deacon Sailer and Woulfe to take place behind the backstop on the campus. The two contestants and a gallery of students gathered behind the backstop at an appointed time. The exhibition had hardly begun when it was finished by Woulfe throwing the deacon to the ground in one-two-three order. The deacon did not seem to like the decision of the amateur referee and reported to Father August that Woulfe had assaulted him. The students were at once called together in the chapel. In strode Father August. From his mien and manner, the students knew that something of major importance was about to transpire. He read very solemnly from a book which detailed the dire punishments to be inflicted upon one who assaulted a cleric. In a sepulchral voice, Woulfe was ordered to step to the front of the chapel. Whether it was to be by shooting, beheading or hanging, we felt Woulfe was doomed, and no power that the students could exercise would save him. Father August said to Woulfe: "Did you attack Deacon Sailer?" Woulfe said, "No, he dared me to wrestle with him." "You mean," said Father August, "That Deacon Sailer challenged you to wrestle him?" Woulfe answered in the affirmative. Father August opened the book again to determine a number of things a deacon was not supposed to do, observing that the meeting was over because he had to see the deacon. Looking like Jove about to throw a few thunderbolts around, he left the chapel. On his way out he hesitated long enough to slap "Skinny" Mungovan for laughing out loud.

Ice-making, ice-cutting, ice-harvesting, - call it what you will, here is how it used to be done at St. Joseph College, in diebus illis.

Today the average American home has a refrigerator, itself a coined word, or a Frigidaire, a trade name that must always be capitalized. What about the horse-and-buggy age before these almost essential conveniences? Their prototype was called an ice-box. Kitchens in institutions such as hotels, restaurants, boarding schools had to have an ice-box, large or small according to needs. A fortune-blessed home would have one too.

St. Joseph's College originated in the h-and-b age, and so had its ice-box in the kitchen. What about the ice for same? In the olden days ice had to be cut in blocks from a clean pool, lake, or pond in winter and stored for all season use. So with our College.

Before 1912, how long before we cannot report, the College had the common use of the icehouse across the highway at the old Indian School, now Drexel Hall. That school was built in 1888, the same year plans were forming for the College, and both institutions had a common relation to the Society of the Precious Blood.

In Father Dominic Gerlach's history of the Indian School, printed in the INDIANA MAGAZINE OF HISTORY, page 8, we read, "Other buildings were soon added. A tall icehouse (pictured) with two cellars was set up directly behind the main school building." From what pool the winter ice was procured is not stated. While the pool on the front lawn of the College was unfit by 1912, it may in earlier years have had cleaner water. Otherwise the ice may have been hauled in from some more distant source. Father Nicholas Greiwe (1874-1950) in his memoirs (p.3) refers to "river and pond". He remembered back to 1891.

When in late summer of 1912 the College pool, commonly called "the lake" was cleaned and a cement bottom put in, a perennially clean source of ice was obtained. That winter and many subsequent winters found the CPPS students cutting ice there. (PHOTO)



Rupert Landoll (1890-1969) then in his final year as student at St. Joe, constructed a machine to lift the ice blocks from the water onto a ~~XXXXX~~ conveyor belt up to wagons.

There was a seat provided near the water level, on which a worker sat with an iron Landoll-made ice catcher. The long wood handle allowed the worker to reach out for the floating blocks of ice, pull them in to the conveyor. The worker had a critical job, meticulous, somewhat perilous, requiring strength, a watchful eye, and plenty of endurance. Who was that guy? Me, and I

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ought to know what I say. I was the envy of most of the students, but some said, "Not for me, that job!" Rupert as student "work boss" picked me for the position.

The ice had to be stored. A new icehouse had already been provided on the College property. The spot was about at the site of the east entrance doors of Halleck Center. The building was about 30x60 feet, quite tall, no windows, a small door on the south side. It took strong backs to unload the ice blocks 8 or 10 inches thick. The blocks were placed on edge in row after row. Between the ice and the walls a space of 12 inches was filled in with saw-dust. And when the stacked ice had reached nearly roof high, a heavy layer of saw-dust covered the whole.

To become useful, the stored ice had to be delivered in daily doses to the kitchen and its ice-box. This was the job of assigned students, who did the chore at least twice a week after noon lunch, a regular work hour for CPPS students. The ice-box had an outside port-hole through which the ice was shoved in, some 5 or 6 blocks, and the heavy doorlet closed. Father Greiwe's memoirs (p.3) mention the gratitude of the kitchen Sisters, who gave the boys "goodies". I once got a small glass of potent elder-berry wine.

* * * * *

Rupert Landoll (1890-1969)

Here is an opportunity to register an appropriate tribute to the genius of Rupert Landoll, CPPS. As mentioned above, he invented and constructed the machine for lifting the ice from the water to the loading wagons. That was but one of numerous devices he constructed,-- usually of materials unrelated to the invention itself.

In the Collegeville carpenter shop, before Alfred Hentschel came in 1932 to modernize things, the whole place was a maze of belts, shop-long axels, and wheels, some of them under the floor. All were connected to one or two electric motors for power, which activated, in various locations, such machinery as saws (rip-saws and cut-off saws), planes, grindstones, and whatnot. All these Rupert personally constructed during his six years at St. Joe (1907-1912), probably the second half of his sojourn there, age 17 thru 23.

Later, after Father Rupert was ordained, he came to the College as instructor. Perhaps the adage is true that "Necessity is the mother of invention", but Rupert admitted that "indolence" was his ~~inspiration~~ inspiration. Why do things a hard way when an easier way can be invented? In his room he had his typewriter. It wearied him to have to insert a new sheet of paper for every operation, sometimes a small sheet, sometimes a long one. So he fastened a big roll of paper on the wall above his machine. The paper had the standard width. The end of the paper entered the typewriter in the usual way. But Rupert devised a cutter blade on the typewriter to whack off the sheet when the typing was done.

Again. He took two brass cartridges used in guns, one just small enough to slide into the other. He cut a small window in the outer shell. On the inside shell he marked numbers, by fives, from 7 to 100. As he read a student's test paper, he moved the cylinder now and then a notch of credit. After the last paragraph, the final grade of the test showed in the little window.

Later Father Landoll was pastor of St. Mark's Church, Cincinnati. He promoted parish Bingo. He used a number of school rooms simultaneously to serve the crowds, connected by inter-com. He invented a small flip-device for the numbers on the Bingo cards, obviating the use of beans or corn grains.

I doubt that I have covered all his contrivances, but these illustrate the astounding genius of his inventive mind and skilled hands.

His brother Leo ("Springy") exhibited no such propensities. But Urban ("Iky") was a true brother. In his student days at St. Joe he constructed and varnished beautifully phonograph consoles after the style of the Victrola, for which he ~~xxxx~~ purchased already-made motor and player. Friends called his musical instrument the "Ikyrola".

A Reminiscence

GFE-73

In March following the Ad Building fire, my brother Father Rufus wrote me about the leveling off of the building site. Gletus Nagel, one of the several workmen harrowing down the mound called to him, "Hey, Father, look here. We have unearthed an old foundation." He pointed to the corners of a rectangle about 12 by 30 feet. "Do you know what the building here once was?"

Said Father Rufus with a grin, "Why sure. That was the old out door privy." He explained that it had been demolished a year or two before he came to St. Joe as student in 1914. He recalled how in the flower bed placed over the privy site cannas grew of extraordinary height. He had asked "Jim" McIntyre (Jim was not his name, but Joe; a part time night watchman) about the flowers. "Yes," said Jim, "That's the old privy place." He didn't use the word privy.

The water tower was erected in 1910, I believe. It introduced the indoor plumbing era at St. Joe, and the outdoor frame structure, a necessity before, became an eye-sore on the landscape and a pollution. The spot was west of the north end of the Ad Building, and not far from it.

Incidentally, the north end of the Ad Building stood on the site of the old orphanage which burned down in 1888. The orphanage chapel stood to the south of it, facing south. Before 1891 it was moved westward down the slope, and in later years faced the water tower. The old chapel nave became a students workhouse. The upstairs, once a schoolroom, was the CPPS students' smoking club. It was demolished in 1915.

Published in the GASPARIAN,
May 1973.

- Fr. Gilbert F. Esser, CPPS
SJC '18.

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"Poppa Dui"

GFE-72

Dear Gasparian (December 1972)

Father John Martin's nickname (Gasparian, May 1st) should NOT have been printed "Dewey", but rather "Dui", He got the name in his early days for mispronouncing the Latin word "diu" (a long time). Because of his age above his fellows, he was sometimes called "Poppa Dui". He was always a good sport. R.I.P. - Father Gilbert F. ESSER, CPPS.

Chess

GFE-74

1913^{??}
The death of Father Aloys Brunswick (1893-1973) led me to recall how he and I with "JB" Kenkel and Gene Omlor (1892-1960) were four painters in the summer of 1931. We kalsomined the infirmary walls under orders from Father Ignatius Albert Wagner (1883-1958), Ph.D., the new president of St. Joe. (His baptismal name was Albert, but a queer custom in our province foisted Ignatius upon him.)

One day we four hatched the idea of playing a game of chess with two of us on each side, ~~Waxley~~ Bruno and I against the other two. We played the game in the old second floor study hall in the late Ad Building. A dozen or two of the other students were spectators. The two-partners game lasted three and a quarter hours. Bruno and I lost our queen early, but pushed the game to a draw at the finish. They had only their king, and we our king and a knight. Neither side could win.

South area of
the Ad Building

(Chess - Cont'd)

-2-

GFE-7874

Chess was quite the rage in Xavier Hall at that time. A very keen player was Herman Schweitzer, our shoemaker, older than his classmates then, and adhuc vivens now at 94. - Father Gilbert Esser, SJC '18.
- GASPARIAN, October 1974.

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"Elder Statesman" CPPS (Fr. Kenkel)

GFE-75

The following notes on several pages began with a page in CPPS TODAY, early 1975, entitled "Elder Statesman" CPPS, by Fr. Thomas Clayton, CPPS

I remember when I first landed at St. Joseph's College, Rensselaer, Indiana, I was met by the President, a man with a grave, craggy face. (I learned later that the students referred to him affectionately as "The Great Stone Face!") He welcomed me and greeted me with the reminder: "You are one day late in reporting."

This was Father Joseph Kenkel, CPPS, Ph.D., now one of our elder statesmen, a man of gentle firmness and loyal dedication.

A native of Newport, Ohio, Father Kenkel was born on New Years day, 1894. In 1907 he began his studies for the priesthood at St. Joseph's College, where he graduated in 1913. Ordained at Carthage in 1918, he attained his Ph.D. in Economics at the Catholic University, Washington, D.C. He taught successively at Carthage, and St. Joseph's College. He was appointed Dean of Studies and in 1927 he became president of St. Joseph's College, a post he held until 1937. He continued to teach at the College until 1967, when he retired. In 1968, he celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood. In 1970, the College granted him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

Precious Blood Church
Ft. Wayne, Indiana
February 8, 1975

Dear Father J.,

In the "CPPS TODAY" there is a reference to the "Elder Statesman" and "The Great Stone Face". I am innocent of these designations, but the quotation "You are one day late in reporting" briskly calls to mind my first day at St. Joe in 1912.

^{Two} Father Boniface Russ, Provincial, had unasked give me and Carlo Duvardo ^{two} extra days on our vacation, - because of the distance we lived from the schools. So we returned on Wednesday whereas the rest of the class had come in on Monday.

That evening Otto Muller (1893-1959), your classmate, student prefect, took us down the second floor hall to Father Augustine's room. Everybody seemed to live in dread of contact with "Daddy August", though I never could see why. Otto knocked on the door, and as soon as he heard that familiar "COME in!" he promptly hiked back to the study hall.

Carlo and I went in, Carlo's knees quaking. Mind you, we were not being called on the carpet, - just reporting in.

"What's this?" said Daddy. "Two students coming late, starting out with a black eye." Carlo couldn't have replied if he had tried. I felt amused, both at the situation and at Carlo's discomfort.

I stated simply, "The Provincial gave us two days of travel on top of our vacation."

"I know nothing about that," Daddy countered. Later in the times we heard that the two of them didn't always see eye to eye. Was "Boni" here trying to pull one on Daddy?

I was still not in the least troubled. "Then you'll have to ask the Provincial," is what I answered, feeling well in the lead of things.

"We'll do just that," said Daddy with pronounced unction. "We'll sift this matter to the bottom." He was always just. And then, after a moment he said with soft-spoken graciousness, "All right, go on out among the boys."

We started for the door, Carlo distinctly in the lead. Then came Daddy's voice again, sharply, "Hold on, there!" "Have you any money?" This meant nothing but his custom of relieving students of pocket funds. He kept their cash in a special account, ready for their use in any need. And remember how he always said, when the change was counted out on the board of his roll-top desk, "I never take copper"?

This little episode rings clear in my memory, as if it happened only yesterday.

All good wishes!

- G.F.Esser, CPP.S.

(NOTE: Students caught on, about that "no copper". When they went to town for some legitimate purpose, they procured a roll or two of Indian pennies, and returning, gave Daddy all but the Coppers, saying, "I think you never take copper". Well and good, but they had enough to buy little stuff at candy store, etc., or for gambling.)

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The Reply

St. Joseph's College
April 23, 1975

Dear Fr. Gib,

Many thanks for your recent letter in which you mention how the recent write-up about me in CPPS TODAY recalled an incident of your own student days at St. Joe. You were, of course, on the side of the angels, with the Provincial in the background to support your position. Otherwise the outcome might have been different.

I can remember some incidents from my student days as clearly as if they had happened yesterday, as for instance, that chess game with you and Bruno on one side and Eugene O'Neil and I on the other. (above)

Thanks again for writing and with all good wishes.

Fraternally in PPS, - Fr Kenkel.

NOTE: The next day after first meeting Father Augustine, I was sent out to help the work of cementing the bottom of "the lake". I walked down the slope from the Main Building (late Ad Bldg). Daddy saw me coming, but evidently did not recognize me. "Are you a Machabee?", he asked. I said yes, and he said, "Then get a shovel and go to work." No monkey business. Father Greiwe has a recall on how the name "Machabee" was attached to members of the new in-coming CPPS class, Daddy's own concoction.

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This is for me but a hearsay reminiscence, recalled by some SJC Father. A vivacious woman called on Fr. Augustine on some matter or public or political interest, - even before Woman Suffrage. Father concluded things by showing her to the big east entrance door. As she exited, she turned and gave him a moment's gaze and said, "What a waste of man-power!" Daddy raised his nose a bit and grunted, "Humpph!" and disappeared.

* * * * *

I have a little item or two from my own memory. There was a ~~"cowmoran"~~ "cowmorans" on the place named Ed Barnard, who had a job down at the cow barn. Not too bright, after work hours he might be seen standing stiffly near the present Postoffice, clad in cast-off black suit, only vaguely communicating with passersby. Father Augustine came along and addressed him, "Did you vote, Edward?" "I sure did," said Ed. "And whom did you vote for?" And Ed took his time to reply, "Well, Father, that aint rightly any of your business." Daddy suppressed a hearty laugh in his "puff-puff" way and departed.

* * * * *

Once I heard some one ask this Ed why he never smoked. Ed replied, "I eat when I'm hungry, and drink when I'm dry. You tell ME why I should smoke." A fairly philisophical answer from one regarded as a half-wit.

* * * * *

I have written about the job of cementing the floor of the pool on the front lawn of the College in 1912. I was among the workers there. One day Father Augustine accosted me and said, "You go and tell Brother EESidore (so-and-so)..." I refused to tell Father that I did not know who Brother Isidore was. In later times he was with our Community at Burkettsville, a native of that vicinity. He was always called simply "Tobe" (toe-bee), his family name. So to Father Augustine I said simply, "Yes, Father" and headed for the main building (late Ad Bldg), not knowing exactly where I would eventually go. I passed along the north end of the building and met a man in overalls. I said to him, "Do you know where I can find Brother Isidore?" The man laughed heartily and said, "I'm Brother Isidore". I delivered the message at once, relieved.

A student epidemic at St. Joe used to be an annual event: Pink-eye, measles, mumps, and once even small pox, the most feared. Diphtheria, the old fatal one, seem to be in control. Brother Fidelis Baker(1870-1941) nearly succumbed to small pox. Student Henry Lackenburger of St. Louis, my classmate, died in 1916 of pneumonia. The sicknesses usually broke out in late January, a sign that supposedly the seculars brought in the germ from their Xmas vacation. Some said it was because resistance was low due to Xmas excesses. Science gave no alibi.

It was in March 1914 that mumps assailed a number of CPPS students. The attic dormitories of the infirmary became known as "Mumpville". Brother Victor Zuber (1859-1945) was the long time infirmarian, - also horse-and-cart mail carrier from Rensselaer. The total of victims may have been 26 or 30.

By April 13th all but two were pronounced cured and dismissed. The two remaining were either more seriously stricken or perhaps late comers in the affair. They were Leo Mecklenberg of Rensselaer and this writer. They were due for release in a couple of days.

Around 4 a.m., April 14th, the gym fire broke out. The blaze started in the west end, and west winds spread the flames so rapidly that soon the whole building was doomed.

This old gym, erected in 1904, had by reason of its limited size out-lived its adequacy. A renovation job, begun months before, was hardly finished when the fire destroyed it. The whole brick building had been raised up from its foundation, literally we mean, and the walls of a new story built in. Inside woodwork was done and most of the varnishing of it.

The cause of the fire was never officially determined. One theory was that a painter varnishing a floor might inadvertantly have left a candle burning, having used it to light up a dark corner in cloudy weather, - a very thin theory.

This writer was at the time, along with Anthony Paluszak(1895-1946), gym janitor, or caretaker. We knew that young seculars "halers" (smokers without permission) frequently gathered in the back stage at the west end to indulge their pastime. The stage, not in our jurisdiction, was left unlocked during the improvement period, and not in good order. Odds and ends of costumes lay here and there, and in the closets where the kids were likely to sit at their game. Sparks in these rags could smolder all night before breaking into flames by 4 am as happened.

Most ^{one} any of the hundreds of witnesses of the gym fire could have his memories of the disaster. So with me. Awakened in "Mumpville", south dorm, we were allowed by Bro. Vic to go to the north dorm and look out the window. We could gaze across the old frame Brothers' house (site of Merlini Hall) and watch the fire. The very window panes grew hot from the blaze. The wooden structure in between was in some danger, the only one, because of the direction of the winds. The next day in the afternoon Bro Vic allowed us to take a short walk on the grounds to see the ruins of the old gym.

My memories of the fire are thus limited. Others have theirs. I can see Father Ildephonse Rapp (1877-1971) gazing out from his high window in Gaspar Hall, west side. It was said he was the first to detect the

[Faint, illegible text covering the majority of the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]

conflagration. And leaning out from his opened window, he gave the alarm dramatically in true Currey Institute style: "Fi-yah! Fi-yah!"

Father Hugo Lear, president, raced about in thoroughly distracted fashion, offering impossible suggestions right and left.

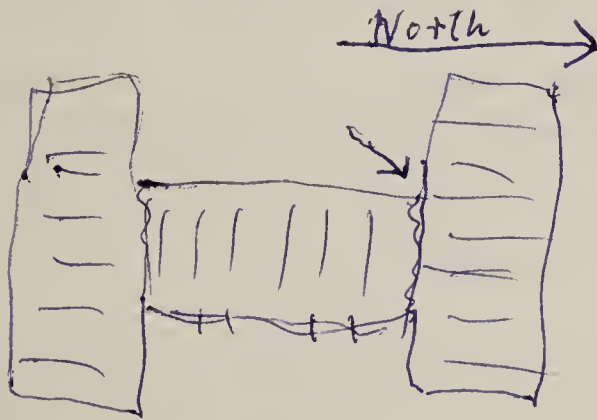
Let others carry on from here.

* * * * *

The New Gym - 1916

The new gym was completed in time for Commencement 1916. What an improvement over the old, even in renovated form. In the old, athletics competed with dramatics on the same floor. The new auditorium has since grown in some ways inadequate, but is still a dignified location for drama, oratory, cinema..

I have but one bit of comment. The center portion of the structure has roof beams crossing from east to west. The beams in the wings, e.g., the north wing, has beams extending north and south.



Something was not taken into consideration here. When the north wing beams contracted with temperature, they pulled loose from the center area, leaving a crack an inch wide above the stage. If we looked upwards past the drop-curtain, we could see the blue sky. It was foolish to fill the crack with tar material, which only melted and dripped down on the curtain. They tried again and again.

I was student stage manager and I didn't like the dripping tar on the stage. Finally I made a suggestion, dumb me. I told them to paste a strip of tar-paper over the crack, looped lengthwise so it would flatten out with the contraction of the steel beams. It worked., in season and out. That was 60 years ago. I don't know what it looks like now. But mother nature's laws don't change.

* * * * *

Memories of s Stage Manager, 1916-1918

GFE-75

I suppose the old time C.L.S. stage managers had a tough time providing stage scenery and furnishings. They were better off than Shakespeare, whose characters often first had to explain who they were and where they were supposed to be in the action, then begin reciting.

The new auditorium and stage of 1916 were a tremendous improvement over the contraption in the old gym, and that over the make-shift stages in the Main Building (late Ad Bldg), first in the south end and after 1893 in the north. Father Greiwe has memories in these.

The new stage had new possibilities. Any old stage would do for Oratory contests, monologs, small skits. But the new stage was well

furnished with royal scenery for big dramas. There was room enough for orchestra concerts.

An especially unusual diversion was the production of a program by "Turners" on parallel bars, horizontal bar, and wire walking. Pyramid formations were a delight to the audience. This type of program was directed by Father Albin Scheidler, CPPS, now long retired in the infirmary at Carthage. An outstanding performance was given by Theodore Fetting, now retired priest in the Ft. Wayne, diocese. He came on stage dressed in rustic farmer's overalls and straw hat, pipe in mouth (corn cob). After hemming and hawing a bit in examination of the horizontal bar, he tried it out. All were astounded when he, as it were by accident, swung back and forth into the giant swing, a feat accomplished but by a few. In this work, stunts that look the hardest are often easy, and vice versa. Ted did them all, each as though surprised that he could. I saw him lately (1975), and he admitted his turner days are but a memory.

Father Scheidler himself was an equally versatile performer. In practice on parallel bars I had the ill luck to sprain my two wrists. It kept me out of the programs, except to clown a bit. I still feel a pain at lifting with my right wrist (1975).

There are a lot of little items of humor on stages that come and go. There was the student Matt Lowsey, who took dramatics very seriously. Once in rehearsal he carried along in a pathetic passage with genuine appeal - till he forgot a word. He suddenly passed from the sublime to the ridiculous, saying, "Oh, h---!", under his breath.

A student named _____ Daleiden had a very small part to play in a solemn drama, that of a messenger rushing on at the critical moment, holding high a letter and shouting, "Reprieve! Reprieve!" In rehearsals, it was unimportant that he did not actually have a "letter" in his hand. The stage managers fixed one up for him, but on the big night he rushed on stage without it. He held up his hand, saw no letter there and could only say in muffled tone, "Oh, sh...!" Some one else had presence of mind to say: "Oh, a reprieve!" and the play went on.

Father Rapp rented costumes for his plays from a Cincinnati firm of the name of Zwirskina, or something like it. They arrived in time for dress rehearsal. After the play they had to be accounted for piece by piece and packed up, and sent back to Cincinnati. This was my job as stage manager.

For special furniture, such as rocking chair, couch, etc., I had a mental catalog of the furniture in most of the priests' private rooms, and quickly knew where from to borrow a needed item. In each case I had to make a bargain with the owner for its prompt return.

Once I made by hand a small "steel" safe needed, made it of cheap pine lumber and painted it with lamp black paint. The very combination lock part was a silvered bit of cardboard. The morning after the play, Father ~~Alxxxx~~ Ignatius Albert Wagner (1883-1958), College president, came storming onto the stage where I was working. "Who gave you permission to bring my office safe to this stage?" I quietly beckoned his attention to the fake we had used. I had a lot of respect from him thereafter, - with a smile on the corner of his mouth. On a stage you can fool some of the people some of the time.

Many years later, Father Wagner was Provincial and I instructor at St. Mary's Burkettsville. (1924-29). Father had a couple of jokes for me.

A man brought in his car to a garage, said something was wrong with the carbureter. The black mechanic took a look, asked what the man had done on it. The man said he had tried to adjust it. The black mechanic replied; "They aint no carbureter on no Buick never gave nobody no trouble yet, no time, No, sir."

Two young ladies were talking. Seems one would have like to go to some shingid, but got left out. The other said, "If I'd a-knowed you wanted to went, I'd a-saw to it that you'd a-got to git to go." (say it fast.)

Vacations

After the grand programs, dramatics or stage athletics, the big event was usually "the feed". The Sisters had a huge clothes basket filled with sandwiches... and coffee. Bottled soft drinks were provided from a different source. The jolly hour often passed mid-night. Some watched themselves - not to eat or drink after 12 o'clock, so as not to break the Eucharistic fast, - now a long forgotten inconvenience.

* * * * *

Vacations

Vacations for CPPS students were unheard of things in early College history. We had two weeks after our preliminary year at Burkettsville. (That meant all except the "hundred dollar guys", who paid to get past that lost year.) I was at Burkettsville in 1911-12. Then no more vacation till our graduation six years later. Relatives might visit students, but no vacation for CPPB. boys.

A change came in 1914. A good year had passed since Father Augustine SEIFERT ENDED HIS 22 YEAR CONTROL. (sorry!) Our students got two weeks off every second summer after that. And 1914 was the year I brought along my brother Rufus, after his preliminary year at "Bugtown".
The half-cereal "coffee" they served us we called "Canal Water".

*W. F. Seifert
 CPPS
 (1896-1914)*

The year 1910 is given as the year of the new college chapel. The sacristy was an innovation with its five or six vesting stations around the room. Each has a crucifix mounted above instead of one crucifix on a wall for the rubrical bow to the cross before the priest vested left for the sanctuary.

Visiting was Father Noniface Russ, Provincial CPPS, a "Magnus homo, vere gigas" according to Pope Leo XIII, weighing 320 at his best. He prepared for Mass, and when vested took up his chalice and began to look for the wall crucifix, but found none. So he called *Kreuz*, in German, to the sacristan, Father Simon Kuhnmsch; "Simon, wo ist das Kreuz?" (Where is the cross?) Father Simon waved with his hand to each of the five or more vesting table crosses. And Father Russ took his cue to bow successively to each of the crosses.

* * * * *

I entered the CPPS St. Mary's Novitiate, Burkettsville, Ohio, on August 28, 1911. Father Frank Schalk was superior of the place, Father Hubert Seiferle novice master. He greeted me with saying my name Gilbert might have to be changed. It was too "atheistic", - like Herbert Spencer. (I thought it more like "Hubert", and Gilbert is a saint's name. Nothing came of it, the practice of changing students' names had not been used for six or more years)

He turned me over to a guide tour of the place by Ulrich Kolb, the first CPPS student I met. (He died August 29, 1975, called Norbert U. Kolb; he lasted only two years at St. Joe) Ulrich, Louis Berniken, Pat Ryan, Hank Dams were left-overs from the previous year, the Germans because of language difficulty.

Ulrich showed me around. We saw the vineyards, which he told me it was forbidden to invade: "You go by dee grapes, you get shipped." Brother Theobald (Tay-o-bald) looked around a corner and went "Psst" to Ulrich: Ulrich should come and get to work under him. Ulrich asked me, "Who iss dee boss, Fadder Hubert, or dee Tayobald?" That was a difficult theological question for me a brand-new-comer. Ulrich was glad to get out of work.

By and by Ulrich led me to the tailor shop, located on second floor of the small brick building called the Brothers' house. Brother Reinhard the tailor asked me to take off my coat. He fitted a black student cassock on me, wone with nice belt wider than ~~bthers~~ a bit. Belts buttoned with one or two buttons in front and were sewed onto cassock in back. Well, it fitted and I prepared to take it off for future investiture with church ceremony, I thought. But Brother told me to keep it on and carry my coat on my arm. This I was invested without my consent. I had consented only to the fitting.

The students CPPS wore the student type cassock until about 1916. The habit included Roman collar, with a little half-moon clipped out in front. The Brothers had a similar Roman collar.

Father Nicholas Greiwe was priest-prefect of CPPS students. He was never particularly neat in dress. His cassock was unbuttoned about down to the waist, never with cincture or crucifix. One day he stood on the front steps of the main ("Ad") building, south entrance talking with John Zeller a sixth year CPPS student, who was always spic and span in dress. Along came a visitor who knew John and came up directly and spoke to him. Then presently he turned to Father Nick and said: "I suppose you are one of the Brothers." Promptly after this Father Greiwe, on what authority we knew not, abolished the Roman collar for students, and directed them to wear neck-ties under the cassock (which then never could close the top button.



CATHOLIC LEAGUE for Religious and Civil Rights

1100 WEST WELLS STREET, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN 53233

414 | 289-0170

November 20, 1975

Dear Fellow Catholic:

Have you heard of the Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights? Let me tell you something about it.

The League is a Catholic anti-defamation organization, a Catholic civil rights union. It defends Catholic religious and moral values against defamation and ridicule. It defends our civil and religious-freedom rights.

The Catholic League has received high praise from many bishops, priests and lay people. Cardinal Krol, for example, wrote to tell me of his "support of the objectives of the Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights."

Here are some of the things the League has been doing.

In response to our appeal, seven major advertisers withdrew their ad from the National Lampoon after it ran a scurrilous attack on the Catholic religion.

When the district attorney in Boulder, Colorado brought criminal charges against Dr. Frank Bolles for distributing right-to-life literature through the mails, the Catholic League came to his legal defense. On October 7, the Colorado Supreme Court ruled unanimously in Dr. Bolles' favor.

The League compelled Xerox to stop publication and distribution to high school students of a highly defamatory booklet, Population Control: Whose Right to Live? The booklet charged Pope Paul with the starvation of millions of children throughout the world.

The League is now defending the right of seven Kentucky doctors and 21 nurses not to perform or assist in abortions. We made our oral argument in their defense in the Cincinnati federal circuit court on October 16.

In Michigan we are challenging in court the right of a state clinic to provide sex instruction and contraceptive devices to 13, 14 and 15 year old girls without the knowledge or consent of their parents.

I am sending you herewith an article, "The Catholic League in Action," that gives a brief summary of Catholic League activities. You may find it of interest. Also, note the list of directors on the last page.

The Catholic League needs your prayers. Equally important, the Catholic League needs your financial assistance to carry on the expensive work of litigation. Won't you send a contribution today--\$5, \$10, \$100, \$1,000--anything you can afford? And if I may suggest it, remember the Catholic League in your will. It is tax deductible. May God bless you for any help you give us in fighting His battle.

Gratefully in Christ,

Father Virgil C. Blum, S.J.
President

"Raking Leaves"

(Reminiscences of Fr. Titus Kramer, C.P.P.S. typed up about several months before he died, in response to a letter I sent him. Fr. Gerlach. The dates are not always correct, but his impressions are good.)

Two human lives, properly meshed, biblically borrowed time overlapping pre-teens, may span important eras of historical activities. When I entered the community, CPPS, as a novice at Carthage, Oct. 1893, Fr. John Jacomet, CPPS, resided at the Seminary in retirement. I never conversed with him, but frequently saw him sitting by his second floor open window in the brotherhouse. He died there in his 85th year, 1895.

He was born in Switzerland while Napoleon was meddling in the affairs of the Pope in Rome, before the disastrous Russian campaign at his final overthrow at Waterloo, four years before St. Gaspar accomplished the founding of the CPPS. He was moreover one of the fortunate eight who said Mass on the Mississippi steamer, Christmas, 1843, on their way to establish American mission in northern Ohio, and the development he later witnessed.

Another pioneer link comes readily to mind, Fr. Engelbert Ruf, CPPS. He hailed from Baden, but was ordained in Ohio, 1848. He was also living in retirement. He was feeble, stooped. Nearing deafness and blindness. Yet he had the hobby of gathering stones and pebbles. What gems he was looking for was beyond me, yet ever so often I would be sent out into the fields to help him in his search. I never heard of any startling results. He died in March 1902.

What a span of history these years cover. Brief but inexorable. Nowhere is there such another. From the wars of Napoleon who sought total domination, including Christ's Vicar, revolutions and famines, loss of the papal states, the tyranny of Communism, outrageous bloody wars, Hitler, Stalin and the total (?) devils' ilk into the atomic space age. And the magnificent list of guiding Vicars, who deprived of political chicaneries could give full attention to directing the Kingdom of God. And finally for the CPPS membership the founding of the Community in 1815, death of the Founder in 1837, beatification 1904, canonization, 1950 (sic).

In Sept. 1894 I found myself in Collegeville to enter St. Joseph's at the beginning of its 4th scholastic year. Of course we walked out from the station and the sulphur water from the well at the northwest entrance was to me both refreshing and pleasant though most did not relish the taste of it. We met Fr. Seifert, but where and how we went that day escapes my memory.

Compared with today, Collegeville indeed was primitive and the administration building, not at all as it was then, is the only one remaining. The south half was then four years in use, the north half was now being hurriedly readied for the opening of school. Sisters occupied south end first floor, domestic department and dining rooms the basement. Community students generally referred to as religious the upper south end, the seculars the north end with the chapel on the second floor; priests' rooms and class rooms were all over the first and second floors. Dormitories the total third which later overflowed into the renovated attic.

The surroundings were far more utilitarian than classical in appearance. To the rear the new addition was the brother house in which the patient cobbler mended and Brother John the tailor made his presence known forcibly to cowering youngsters. A stone's throw farther west was the horse and cattle barn with its lean-to implement shed. North the granary, drafted by Father Seifer, and engineered by the older students. Next to it the porker hotel on the edge of the swamp and extending into the west grove the poultry ranch. Going back to the south of the barn stood the old farm house now serving as carpenter shop and general factotum. A budding vineyard was just west of it on which bordered Fr. Trost's studio near which struggled in the sand the German elm the artist Father had brought from Baden. Its later prolific sprouts wandered far and wide. At least those I transported to Oklahoma did exceptionally well in the prairie blue-stem soil.

Landscaping was a demanding necessity. Any wind stronger than a poetic zepher swirled sand in and out everywhere. The bare terrance was there; the so-called lake a magnified mud hope. In the spring rakes and spades got busy. The terrace was sodded, other parts leveled and seeded, the lake with the island built given a semblance of what it was supposed to be. Shrubs and trees were planted all over the place, some in orderly rows and others just set at convenient places, mostly soft maple and some conifers. Given time to grow they gave the campus, front and rear, a wild beauty all its own. And the flying sand was conquered.

The north grove remained ancient oaks well-protected by wild underbrush. The baseball diamond improved by the students who used it in their rec time. The grove to the southwest was much the same, only more so. We cleaned a path through it to get to the tennis court and the diamond used by the "religious" students in the pasture. To the south of this was a wild field of shrubs mostly hazel and scrub trees. During the winter we did a lot of clearing and burning in it. Some years later when Faustin Ersing got the grotto inspiration, the south grove was developed. Besides the spiritual benefits it helped to clear the unwanted boulders and stones from the fields.

The self-sacrificing spirit of prayer and work that animated the builders of the log chapel and convent on Wolfscreek was still falming in the souls of the Fathers, Brothers, and Sisters in this pioneering educational undertaking. And some were not too far removed from the "Cradle of Mary" both as to time and place. Fr. Seifert was born in the neighborhood though baptized in Tiffin, nine miles away. Fr. Frederick Schalk was baptized in the log parish church six years after its dedication, and his brother Fr. Frank seven years later. It may not mean anything and I knew nothing about it at that time, but my maternal grandparents pledged their sacred troth in the same log church in 1850 but moved to a homestead some 20 miles north.

Father Anthony Dick's baptism is recorded at St. Stephen, Ohio, in the book started by Fr. Brunner in 1852. It's an easy day's buggy ride from the "Cradle of the Community." I drove it in 1906. My first baptism is recorded in the same book.

Father Dick did the spade work building at St. Joseph in the semi-wilderness of Indiana, but by the opening of the school Fr. Seifert was in charge and remained superior during the first eight struggling years. He was well-fitted for the task. His soul was stepped deep in the devotion of the Most Precious Blood, and his one desire its application to the salvation of souls in all the little details to attain that end. He was not only a Father to his subjects, but could be a stern director. No eight hour day for him, no pomp and fancy frills, but solid fundamental work. His littered desk was an eyesore to perfectionists, but his efficiency never failed of admiration. It was not uncommon to see him walking down the pike saying his office, perhaps wearing a straw hat unduly out of season to supervise a draining or clearing operation. He was the man for the job and its success from the beginning is the very best evidence.

It does not take much of this to make limp the elbows and set the fingers tingling. Then I hie myself to the "Cardinal Stritch Story." I find in it so much that is similar as well as dissimilar to the ways of the first president of St. Joseph's. The Cardinal was ever smiling, kindly, generous in giving service to his people for their earthly and spiritual welfare in the deepest charity of Christ; The president was often brusque, perhaps even aggressive, but always motivated by the spirit that was planted in the foundation at Wolfscreek for the veneration of the redeeming Blood. Like the Cardinal, charity function in all his actions and God wonderfully blessed all his efforts, was the road easy or hard.

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." But writing Romeo on a slip of paper and tearing it up could not destroy it for Juliet.

A few days after their arrival the new comers were called to Fr. Benedict's room for the re-processing of their names. Two had shown sense at their baptism and chose singular names, Gabriel, who did not last, and David, the later well-known factotum about the college. Others would be double in the Community, so what chance did we three Franks in the group to remain loyal to the flowing water and the wishes of their parents. But the three remained faithful, two to the end, and I to date. The new name to me was never a rose; the idea of the pagan emperor prevailed. I never could be enthusiastic about the domineering Romans, not even the knowledge of the Christian Greek bishop and disciple of St. Paul could change it. St. Francis of Assisi, the favorite on the paternal side of the family is still good enough to be my chosen patron. Later when "my boys" came it was pleasant to know that the monastic practice, imposed on the Community by Fr. Brunner was out and the Community back in the hands of St. Gaspar.

Days ordinarily are just days, some bright, some dreary, and the wide range of conditions. Yet this 23rd of December stirred new ruminations. Not the day so much as the liturgical name, for the martyred Pope was the patron of one of the early college professors, Fr. Clement Schuette. He came for the third year, shortly after his ordination, 1893. He was one of the real scholastic workhorses on the college faculty during the next thirty odd years. His teaching forte was mathematics. He always carried his full share of classes besides acting as secretary for reports, bulletins, etc. The Boniface Literary Society was his pet, and his German dramas, like William Tell were always looked forward to with delight. He was quiet and reserved, but a fundamental disciplinarian. His younger brothers in the classes could not expect any favors. You had your work or you'd better scratch and get it.

The Indian School across the way found itself in difficulties in the spring of 1894 when the Congress withdrew government support. It was more load than Mother Drexel and the Indian Mission could carry with the result that it was closed. Even we students missed the Indians as it robbed us of the chance for ball games with outsiders.

The Gasparian remark sounds too much like snicker-snee, coming from some one who has little regards for records. The suggestion in STUFF is more to the point if its earlier volumes fared better than other student publications before it. The St. Joseph's Collegian would be better source as its first issue was published November 1894. It was both news paper and literary academic magazine. I wonder if copies are preserved in the college library. I have the first seven volumes bound. Of the seventh I was the editor, under the directorship of Fr. Benedict. My copies are already promised to the Seminary archives.

Father Benedict Boebner was a member of the first faculty, English and history till the coming of Fr. Max Walz, who took over the higher classes as the school developed. Fr. Boebner acted as second superior. In that position he had little to do till in March 1896, when Fr. Seifert went to Rome as a delegate to the Community Chapter. At the preceeding home chapter he was elected Secretary of the American province. Fr. Benedict was a very . . . disposition, as kindly in spirit as his physical frame was huge. Under him the first Commencement was held in 1896. Three years later he was appointed president when Fr. Seifert was named rector of St. Charles Seminary. Under his supervision the big barn that was then the talk of Indiana was built.

Father John Nageleisen was also one of the early teachers. He was at that time writing his book "Charity for the Suffering Souls" and preparing for the publication of the "Messenger" and "Botschafter." They were two distinct magazines, not translations of each other. When the Indian school was closed it became the publication office, and Collegeville received its own Post Office.

The jovial member of the faculty was Father Eugene Grimm, teaching Latin, Greek and religion. His snuff box was always handy. And thereby hangs a tale. It was time for the graduation finals. Greek New Testaments were scarce. Innocently one of the boys went to his room asking if he would loan them his text. Sure he would. The book was carefully searched where the freshest snuff was found. Surely from one of those

two pages the translation question would come. The class was tooted as very well very well versed in Greek.

Father Hummer came to the faculty in 1895 as teacher of languages, history and religion. He was of a serene and quiet disposition. In the matter of discipline he treated the rowdies with kindness but could talk straight from the shoulder. He ~~was~~ never carried any of the extra-curricular load.

The military cadet corps was an early organization at the school. All the students of the north study hall were members unless physical reason excused them. There were titles from corporal to major general. Drills and military exercises were regular performances. Swords dangled at the side of officers, and old Springfield rifles, obtained from the Government, burdened the shoulders of the rank and file. Fr. Boebner ~~was~~ was the director.

Drills and expositions were in the open in spite of the persistent charge of the fanatical element in the APA that the purpose was for an attack on the Protestants at some opportune time. Further search was not denied them, but they were too cowardly to undertake it. After the sham-battle in the north grove the charges died out of their own ignorance. At the time there were two divisions, the Seifert Light Guards and the Boebner Zouaves. An oldtime fort was built on the north campus of any stray material, two towers, loopholes and all. Even home-made cannon was not missing. The defenders were non-cadet students uniformed like the "ragged continentals." The attack started with shouts and rifle fire. Little reply from the fort. Two shots from the cannon and one tower toppled and there were breaches in the wall. The defenders did their work well from the inside and a "glorious victory" was won. The guard and the Zouaves cheered and hoisted the ~~Falg.~~ flag.

What good the military training? To at least one of those cades^x it proved of great advantage in his future career, Billie Arnold. Of what use it was to World War I soldiers nobody knows or can know. William R. Arnold went to seminary was ordained in 1908. While serving as assistant at Peru, Indiana, he privately prepared to become an army chaplain. He succeeded. Served through the two World Wars, as Chaplain in Chief when age retired him with the rank of General at the end of World War II. Then greater honor came when he was consecrated Bishop and Military delegate.

Fathers Raphael Schmaus, who could be bitterly sarcastic, Philip Hartmann who was far too generous, Stanislaus Neiberg a good mission preacher, were short time members of the faculty.

Extra-curricular activities were quite numerous in those early days. The Columbian Literary Society was the first socio-academic organization on the campus. Fr. Boebner was its prime inspirer and director till the arrival of Fr. Max Walz who then took over its direction with his classes in English and literature. One of its purposes was the development of the exercise of parliamentary procedure, public speaking and entertainment. It admitted the higher classes only and was not optional. Other groups were later modeled after it. Monthly programs were the rule with a separate committee to prepare each. It turned quite heavily to dramatic presentations. I can still recall the wild action of Shylock and the gentle pleading of Portia in "The merchant of Venice," the clanking of swords in "Julius Caesar," the bold arrogance of Cardinal Richelieu's pompous scarlet robes. Debates on current topics were frequent. It was every student's fond desire to be elected its president. It flourished mightily under Fr. Walz's suave directinn. The personal benefits were tantamount to the high regard in which its services were held.

The band was also an early institution, open to any one who could toot a horn or beat a drum. The music department was the only one that had a lay professor, and he was the director. When a second band was organized it would be directed by one of the music students. The band played not only on the campus but also away from home.

Later there was also an orchestra, and the band had fewer deafening performances in the auditorium.

The student to whom music was "harmonized noise" and could not even learn to beat the base drum, would find part of an instrument and lose himself in the group and be present at off-campus concerts.

Occasionally there were public lectures by "outsiders." Fr. Roemer on music in the Bible, both Fr. Guindlings, Fr. Heldman of Chicago on his trip through the west, and Father Hahn on the Indians. He served on Indian Missions in California. These lectures were highly enjoyed and there was always a full attendance, not as recently reported when an alumnus with a Ph.D. returned for a lecture, and "some seventy persons including faculty and students heard the talk."

Athletics in those early days were strictly in the educational groove. "A sound mind in a sound body." Of exploitation there was not even the shadow of a dream. Base ball, ofcourse, was tops; football required written parental permission; tennis, several courts; track; acrobatics, including tumbling. But it was all intramural. Coaching was mostly student, but always fatherly supervision by one of the teachers.

Games were between classes and the North and South study halls. In baseball the "Stars and the Crescents" represented the North, "The Eagles" the South. The battles started, possibly St. Patrick's Day, which was potato planting time, and continued in September till the cold called a halt. It was always a seesaw matter and there were no championship celebration, but always great jubilation after a hot or pokey victory. While the Indian School was functioning the most exciting games were with them. The loss of those games gave rise to the talk about having a Varsity which finally materialized by selecting the "stars" from the north and south studyhalls.

In September 1898 there was quite a change in the faculty. Fr. Seifert was appointed rector of St. Charles Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio. Fr. Boebner succeeded him as president. The latter was considered more liberal. Less old-fashioned the team advocates call it. Beside there was a new man on the faculty, Fr. Bonaventure Sommerhauser, and also prefect of the north study hall. His enthusiasm soon caught fire. The next spring the varsity was a reality and games with Monon, Renaselaer and Lowell were scheduled and played home and home (sic).

Fr. Sommerhauser remained less than three years. His genial disposition and solving of problems was greatly missed. But as he rose from the simple religious promise of fidelity to the four solemn vows of the Jesuit there was no difficulty or objection to the change. I visited him twice later, in Cleveland and St. Louis and enjoyed Jesuit hospitality.

About this time Fr. Paulinus Trost was appointed to the parish mission band. His studio at the edge of the south grove was left standing idle. It was a frame building about two stories high but had no second floor. One door to the . . . and the north wall was mostly window to meet an artist's urge for subdued light. It finally became a junk habitat.

Chapel paintings and frescoes, room and hall decorations were done by him or under his supervision. One of his pupils became quite an artist in his own right. Two of his paintings were displayed in the corridors, the Bondwoman and her Son in the Desert, and the Christian Martyr. This represented a lion lying on the arena sand by the body of the virgin it had just slain. Blood was from her lacerated throat. The lion's look was as pleasant as a tame cat's. The maiden's robes of gaudy colors were perfectly draped from the tips of her toes to the very edge of the gushing blood. How could it happen, many wondered.

At this time also the south grove was improved by removal of the underbrush and putting in cinder paths to the nearly finished Lourdes Grotto with its trickling water at the south end. The Grotto was the freetime work of the students and became quite a sanctuary for private devotions and May and October devotions.

The summer of 1897 witnessed the rising of Gaspar Hall, the second of the original buildings still standing. It was the home of the eighth grade students, music rooms, and resident rooms for faculty members. This year brought to the faculty Fr. Justin Henkel who took charge of vocal music, German literature and religion; and Fr. Fridolin Schneider who suffered from a throat affliction that forced him to the milder climate of Texas. At San Antonio he served at the convent of nuns as chaplain till his death in 1954.

August 1, 1896 was hot and sultry. Fr. Seifert had just returned from his trip to Rome and it~~s~~ was declared a "free day," which for most of the boys meant a hike to the old swimming hole on the Joe Nagel farm west of the college. I did not like water, so I was not one of them. Florence Tunny, a class mate also did not go. What to do? Fr. Boebner had recently invested in a bicycle, and he was not at home. I had charge of his room. So out comes the bicycle to the big recreation room in the basement and we both learned to ride. Mid-afternoon Florence decided to go swimming. I have not the faintest recollection~~on~~ what I did, possibly went to the library. Several hours later there was a big commotion. Florence Tunny had drowned and they were bringing the body home. Sad ending to a happy free day.

The question, "Is it proper for clerical students to work at all kinds of jobs?" was hotly discussed at many a bull session. Perhaps hiring them out to farmers for harvesting was overdoing it, but who objects to labor as undignified surely misses the Christian point. Many found out later that to do their full sacerdotal duties manual labor could not be avoided. I, for instance, found out the second Sunday after first Mass that if I did not hitch the ponies to the buggy, the assistant mission would not have its Sunday Mass. Later found gardening very useful, and often regretted the lack of mechanical knowledge when the Tin Lizzie supplied transportation. No know-how and experience is ever useless.

Fr. Mark Hamburger was the last addition to the faculty in this period. He was gentle, kind, deeply interested in students' welfare. His pleasant disposition did much to ease the disappointment felt in the departure of Fr. Sommerhauser.

The late winter in 1898 brought some sad and discouraging weeks to St. Joseph with a serious siege of the grippe. There were times when there were more students in bed than in the classrooms. Before it ended, one student, Blase Wittemann, and one of the nuns were at rest in the new cemetery in ~~a~~ a little ~~galle~~ in the south-east corner of the south grove near the grotto. Later a third corpse was added whose name I can't recall. Years later the cemetery was discontinued and the bodies removed to other home cemetery~~ies~~.

Some time late in autumn, 1898, the St. Boniface Society under the direction of Fr. Schuet~~ee~~, staged a classic German play. It was one of those affairs that required thunder and lightning. The former was easy with sheets of tin and bowling balls. Lightning was more difficult because of the danger involved. A box with glass inside and open outward was placed in the opened window. Glowing embers were set on the outside directly under a little hole in the top. Through it the operator would drop some powder and clamp a ball of soft buddy (sic) over it. A flash depending on the amount of powder, and he was ready for the next. All went well till the operator became careless jamming the puddy on and he had no powder left, but a shock and plenty of smoke. With nothing inflammable near, there was no damage except to the hands and face of the operator and he was back in his classes in about ten days. After that lightning scenes were more carefully handled. I should know, as I was the unfortunate operator.

There was quite a perplexed mixup about the graduating year of the early classes. The first graduate was a commercial student in 1895. The first real commencement including the three departments was in 1896. Then it was decided that the "religious" part of the class would remain at the college another year, teaching, prefecting and also study ethics, and logic as preparation for philosophy. Whether the college needs or the ideal of the Jesuit system was uppermost was not revealed to the students.

That gave the first four classes two finishing years. After the graduation of the 1899 classes it was again decided that in future would graduate the year they left for the seminary. That was my class who may be listed as '00 and '01. After that it is all straight.

To whom, or what, is the success of the college due? Over all, of course, is directing Providence. We can consider only the human elements. Roughly speaking they are in four brackets, all on the same level yet in distinct parts. The old feudal system of ascribing all to the leader is a joke. The faculty, the students, the Brothers and the Sisters, all had an essential part to play, take any one away and there would not have been a St. Joseph's College. In degree they may differ but in importance, but the use of all remains unchallenged.

The Brothers on the farm, or other maintenance jobs, like the laborer in the factory, was mostly simply taken for granted. Yet he was human with a divine destiny same as the faculty and students. Without the farm products and the free labors of the Brothers ~~and~~ the growth of the institution would have been financially impossible. Brother William Zink by his careful management kept the larder well supplied. More acres were cleared of underbrush, fertile swamps drained, and each new cultivation brought more crops. His Brother Ferdinand was ever present with hammer and saw for new works and repairs. Brother William . . . (known as Cobb) bore the harassments of study hall and dormitory prefecting. Brother Tony was faithful attendant in the horse barn and ready to help where needed. Brother Andrew saw to it that there was pork, eggs and chickens and turkeys for Thanksgiving and Christmas, and other occasions. Brother Joseph Augustine was ever ready with his team and had the reputation of plowing the straightest furrows in Indiana. There was another who supplied the milk, ~~a~~ butter and beef, but memory refuses to name him.

Brother Victor Zuber was the prince of them all with his variety of tasks. He was first of all infirmarian with the gentle touch of a trained nurse. The burned lightning maker ought to know. Never a rough word from him and no sentimental treating of the chronic visitor. Twice daily he'd drive his ~~o~~ pony and cart to the city for the mail as a government worker. Collegeville was the post office from the beginning. He served long and none who knew him will ever forget him.

There was Brother John the portly tailor whose bark was worse than his bite. If the scared youngster did not turn and run, he'd get fartherly service. The Brother cobbler at his bench looked like a denizen from the Land of Oz, but the mended brogans were always ready. Brother Conrad came later as a general utility and a flare for medicine. "Bumbsey." Seraphim . . . not a professed brother, with a beard that any pirate might have envied, by trade a plumber, was busy about the heating plant. Non-professed brother Henry, with a wild flare against satan, kept the garden a pleasant dream for vegetarians, and did not neglect to prune the orchard coming into early fruition.

The Sisters in the domestic department did wondrous service in their seclusion. The students as a whole were little acquainted with them. But meals were whole-some and always on time and the laundry back for the Saturday bath. Sr. Prima was a wonderful manager with her eyes. Fifty years later I served as chaplain where she was retired and approaching her ninetieth year. She still recalled my name and some of my follies as of others.

To whom is most credit due? To him or her who served with the cleanest heart in the spirit that built the Community's cradle chapel "At the Manger of Mary" in the wilderness on Wolfscreek.

One autumn morning there was quite a commotion over the entrance to the south grove, and there was a general hustling in that direction. Bismark had hanged himself on the garden picket fence. He was indeed a noble canine. All he needed to be true to form was a little keg at his neck and mountains of Alpine snow. He was a true son of that Swiss breed and had found his way to America by the kindness of Fr. Trost when he returned from artist's school in Munich. How he did it, or how it was done to him remained a "Who done it" problem. He was so kind and gentle that he surely did not have an enemy in the world.

Already in those early days some ancient bugaboos bobbed up their ugly heads, or would it be better to say, showed their feet of clay. They were new only in as far as the environment was new. They were three in particular. The catalogue rules strictly forbade the use of tobacco in any form. It might even be cause for expulsion. Some of the students, young men who had already voted. Some were belated vocations with practical experiences of the ways of the world. That meant for some no little sacrifice. Some smoked, some chewed, some even snuffed. When one was caught, the usual lecture and "penance" was sure to follow. Greater care followed, but the cycle would repeat itself. I have no recollection of any one being "fired" for his violations. "Quod licet Jovi non licet bovi" did not sit well with pipes, cigars and snuff boxes so much in evidence. Later proper arraignments with a smoking room modified and at least somewhat corrected the evil.

Hard liquor, and more correctly so, was also very strictly ruled out.

Some left the campus because of it. But again it was the example that raised the eyelids. The "boys" were not blind and could see it come in, and they knew it wasn't all for medicine when some times by chance they got a view of the effects of it. However, there was an occasional keg of beer in summer when the harvest was hot, or in winter some wine when the ice cutting was wet and cold.

Mothers and sisters, of course, could visit, but woe to the secret dates with town lasses. That called for the slamming shut of the gate. In this matter, of course, there could be no excuse tolerated. And to the credit of the boys the transgressions were very rare.

For me, St. Joseph now presents a five year hiatus. From September 1901 to the same month 1906 I was at St. Charles Seminary finishing the struggle to the prime goal. There Fr. Seifert was rector for my first years, when he returned to St. Joseph and Fr. Boebner came to the Seminary. He was later appointed to the Mission band, and I finished under Fr. Trost.

The return to St. Joseph's found the place quite familiar, yet in many ways changed. Landscaping had much improved the general appearance of the campus. There was a new heating plant farther removed from the main building. On the north campus, where the swamp used to pester the baseball diamond in rainy weather, stood the new Gymnasium which included a large stage for theatricals. The main hall was used for audience space as well as games and the gallery for spectators. Basket ball and hockey were then the chief indoor winter sports. The lake cement-curbed and bottomed was enjoyed by ice skaters in winter and swimming when the temperature was right.

[Fr. Kramer's account seems to be cut short for some reason. He attended SJC 1894-1901, and served as teacher 1906 to 1914 of English, U.S. history, and government.]

[This interviewee, who attended SJC 1893-1899, was interviewed Oct. 20, 1960, but does not wish to be identified. He became a diocesan priest. His perspective is slightly different from others of those days, but his comments "fit in." Fr. Gerlach]

I entered St. Joe late, October, 1893. I remember Mr. Dirksen there. I recall when young, that a priest told me that Bishop Dwenger was having a college started and that is where I should go. Luers' farm was "catty-cornered" from the Catholic cemetery. I remember the orphan buildings as sort of two twin buildings directly west of the new [north] part of the Main Building. One was moved in my time to somewhat towards the entrance to the south grove. Father Theodore Saurer was the main carpenter there as a student. Neither building had the appearance of a chapel. The one moved towards the grove was called Raleigh Club.

We used to buy bows and arrows from the Indian pupils at 10¢ a piece. I remember only one Indian by name, Limio. The Indians had a pretty good baseball team. There was a game almost every Sunday in spring and fall. There were about 45 to 50 Indians. Age range was great. Lemio already a grown man, 17-18 years of age most of them. No children. Director at my time was Fr. Schalk. Bro. Sylvester was there. I recall a story about Fr. Schalk emptying a gasoline can on the way from Drexel to the College, threw a lighted match on the lawn where he had poured the gasoline, and pow! he got burned. Good thing he wore a beard. His entire hand was scar-tissued the rest of his life. Bishop Marty came down one time for a visit. I remember the name of Fr. Stephan (accent on last syllable as they called him in Washington), the best lobbyist of his day. When I was pastor of North Judson, I inquired about what people remembered of Fr. Stephan, which I sent in for Bishop Alderding's history [of Fort Wayne Diocese], but when I inquired about my contribution later, it had been destroyed. The two big elms that stood by the College art studio had been planted from two twigs that Stephan had brought from Germany.

Father Wichman, whose brother was connected with the hanging of Mrs. Serratt [cf. Lincoln's assassination], gave testimony there. Father Wichman was my pastor. He stayed in our home at Warsaw for six weeks so he could qualify to vote for Republican Jim Blaine. Old man Wichmann was a convert-from-Lutherism, and he and his sons were wild Republicans and prohibitoinists. Fr. Wichmann used to give quite a few talks and retreats at the College. He had also baptized me. "In spite of all that I was always a Democrat!"

Fr. Stephan was a very shrewd fellow, a shrewed "old German," according to the people around San Pierre. He used to go to Chicago to buy up horses discharged from street car service. They lasted about 6 months, and had to be gotten rid of because their hooves were worn out on the cobble stones. Fr. Stephan would go up there and buy them up for something like \$5 and bring them down and pasture them in the marshes around Newton and Stock counties north of San Pierre for about 6 months and then sell them to the farmers for around \$50. Farmers did not shoe these harses since they were not used on roads [?]. And Father Stephan became quite wealthy that way, a sort of a "prosperous chap." However, a very good priest.

The Indians were in no way perceived as a threat, nor did I have any difficulty understanding them. Excellent at baseball. Their education? "A grade school education was about all they got, and not any too much of that."

Bishop Dwenger undoubtedly got the CPPS over to the College to establish themselves. The diocese at that time was just about 100% German--don't quote me on that--and the few Irish were kicking about no Irish priest, so Dwenger picked a number of Irish boys from the Cathedral school (Jim Fitzpatrick, Ed Mongovan, Jim Connolly, Martin boys, John Wolfe, etc., 7 or 8. When I arrived, there were only 38 students on the secular side. So the need for Irish priests played a part in starting this college. Also Conroy. John Cogan came one year earlier (1892) from Auglaize County. An important student, "a kind of born senior." He had studied at Valparaiso for a teacher back when the school was called Dr. Brown's College. He must have learnt enough to teach school in Auglaize County back in those days. He was 12 years older than I, therefore about 26 years old. He was a kind of headmaster, got the College its postoffice in those days.

When I arrived at SJC there were 6 teachers. Fr. Augustine [Seifert], Benedict [Boebner], Eugene [Grimm], Paulinus [Trost], Stanislaus [Neiberg], John Nageleisen. "I liked some, and I didn't like others." Seifert? "I guess from a financial standpoint, he was wonderful, for he was everything, president, secretary, general supervisor, prefect supreme, and the professors feared him far more than we students, I think, especially the young priests." Three priests came in my time, Max [Walz], Clement [Schuette]. Father Max was the most attractive to us, the most gentlemanly. Mark [Hamburger] came a year or two later. Father Clemens had certain favorites. "Nobody dared to speak to Fr. Augustine. One almost trembled to approach him. Well, I am sure, I suppose, he was a saintly man. He had an odd way of being a saint. We feared him, and the religious really trembled in his presence. And, by the way, no religious need ever make any compensation for the education that they got in Augustine's time. They worked for it. They worked like slaves. Their clothing was just blue overalls. From the classroom, to the fields, to the chapel, from the classroom, to the fields, to the chapel. An iron discipline--I am afraid I am going to be uncharitable. I expect to die before long. . . Leaving Rensselaer and going on to the seminary was, well, like going to Heaven. You were treated like a human being.

For a student to visit Rensselaer was extremely rare. If you went to town without permission, you were fired the next day. Rensselaer gave a really primitive appearance back in those days. The old courthouse was a very little brick structure, something like a school house. The McCoys were the owners of the town, and they would have an annual barbecue and we were all permitted to go out there. They were non-Catholics. They were bankers, got into trouble later on. Dr. Washburn married one of McCoy's daughters. A Thompson family was very prominent. Mrs. Dr. Hammond (Lafayette) was very generous--in a small way. She bought the college band suits, and the little library she gave, a couple hundred books. I assure you it was all primitive at the College, and strenuous. In our dining room, no table cloths, no

chairs, just benches. The food was very plain. At 4:00 P.M., Paulinus would come with a tray of bread and molasses and we would all run for it. Population on secular side never got higher than 68. Religious numbered about 35-40. Their study hall was much smaller, extreme south end of the Main Building.

Fr. Benedict was a good man. We used to mock him, count how often he said in class "yes, yes." Max was the best liked. And Father Mark came and everybody loved him, a good man. Fr. Grimm was just an old country type [meaning German?] man who taught Latin, but outside classroom, very jolly. He gave me an awful scolding once. Theodore kind of mocked him, and I laughed, and boy oh boy, did he give me a scolding. Towards the end of my six years there, things kind of eased up a little. Father Max was our first prefect, and in the last two years Fr. Sommerhauser was our prefect. Then Bro. William, not the one on the farm, was very strict. Some people talked to me about whether they ought to canonize him. I thought not. Fr. Stanislaus was pastor at the Church, and he taught catechism at the College. Fr. Nageleisen was very well like. He left the Order during my term, wrote that book on the Poor Souls. He and Augustine didn't get along at all. Why did some of the priests leave the Order from the College? Well, I hate to say, I might be unjust. Well, I guess, it was because of Father Seifert, just too strict, altogether too strict, Prussian disciplinarian, Prussian sargeant. Fr. Trost was much like Augustine, not much authority, but he seconded Augustine in everything. Fr. Edwards [?] left at that time, and Fr. Sommerhauser.

Secular students did not have to work. Bishop paid my tuition, \$160 for the whole year. My folks tried to pay it for me, but had to admit to the Bishop that they couldn't, so he did. 1893 was much worse than 1929, and in 1873, when my father came to this country, was probably the worst depression in U.S. history.

Life for the College students was unbearably strict. For the religious, it was slavery. The religious side lost all of the American students. Besinger was one of the few who stuck it out. If any girl should have appeared on the playground, it would be YOU LEAVE IMMEDIATELY. Even to get caught talking to a girl would probably have meant expulsion. Expulsion, I recall, was like Judgment Day. Augustine would enter the study hall, and very solemnly render the judgment. So-and-so will pack up his belongings and leave immediately. Anybody caught talking to him will leave immediately. Nobody dared talk to the poor culprit. And he really hadn't done anything "murderous."

I recall Rev. Joseph Sailer, his brother John is still a pastor in Dayton. Joe, an odd little fellow, came from Germany. I remember him, but had nothing to do with him. It was possibly John Wolf who had that wrestling incident with him. I believe Joe returned about 1898.

I myself was almost expelled once. In 1898, we prepared to put on a debate for the commencement, Travers, myself, Urban Franezer, and Meaghen. When we saw that there was also printed on the invitations that there would be a German play, we refused to go ahead with the debate. John Sailer, who

was in on the hearing, said I came within one vote of being shipped. We simply made a mistake that time, our fault.

Commercial students had the same routine with us. They marched, got up at 5, to Mass, and all the same. Daily Communion? Never! Once I went up with the religious at their Mass, and I recall that Augustine passed me up at Communion, probably because I suppose he thought I wasn't supposed to be there. I recall one Holy Thursday, which was a semi-free day, some of us hiked to the river, and to those in chapel, Fr. Augustine berated us unmercifully. I recall that many times I felt out of sorts, and I used to go up the stair to the old observation tower, which was still more or less there, and I used to cry, cry, and cry.

Recess and recreation? 15 minutes during the morning, sometime after dinner, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. We used to go out walking to the river, out past Nagel's farm. Gather nuts. I recall a Mr. Wagner, already an old man, but studied for the priesthood. He became a priest later in the Dakotas. He was at least 40, a stately old gentleman. I remember him from the very first graduation class.

Baseball on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and on Sundays. Sunday baseball was against the Indians. In a feeble sort of way, we also started old fashioned football. Tennis started in my time, but I think that was because the professors wanted to play tennis, Max, Mark, etc. Fridolin [Schneider] and Justin [Henkel] came later. Justin compiled a book of German songs. Euterpe was the name of the book. The Wacht am Rhein we sang like good fellows. Hemmersbach? He used to give me oranges once in a while, an apple, and had a room in the extreme SE part of the main building, highest floor. He was an old country German, but seemingly well liked by the professors. The great musician in my time was Arnold Weyman. Poor Arnold. He went wrong, I guess. I never met a person with whom you needed to fear so little because of nationality. He would consider everything very objectively. Very, very liberal in outlook. Did he stay in the priesthood? Yes, I don't think he just jumped altogether. He read all this Hibbit's German and all of that. They burnt all his books after he was gone. He had some peculiarities even about music, for example, that you have to have discord even in music.

The military? Yes, I was very much a part of that. It was a student, Eberle, who had studied at St. Viator's, just across the line from over there, who introduced it. The faculty took it up and made it compulsory on our side. And there was a lot of favoritism, some were promoted to officer, others weren't. Perhaps the fact I didn't like it spoiled my judgment. And Eberle never like me even later as priests. I got out of it in my last year. Arnold came to the head of it after I left, but he was a lovely fellow. I gave your fathers about 12 years ago two photographs of the Collegian staff, one '97 and the other '99. They seemed to have been lost right away. There were only nine in our class. Only Ildie [Rapp] and I are left, and yes, Tom Travers is still left. Now Fr. Kuenle is a fellow who almost didn't make it through school, very slow, yet turned out to be the most prosperous pastor. At St. Anthony's in Dayton for about 40 years, built a million and half dollar church. We wore our uniforms mostly all the time. I remember,

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blue uniforms. Although on the other hand, they wanted to keep them nice for parade, and perhaps we didn't wear them a whole lot after all. The religious wore cassocks, really kind of short gowns, poor fellows. I felt sorry for them. So many of them left. For example, Germain. He was a good painter. Father Trost like him so. He left, got married out of the Church later, I hear.

Behavior went by marks. I recall I got three black marks at one time. By perfect behavior, you could knock off a black mark each week. Marks in my time were hard. You got it all wrong if you think they were easy. Max was terrible in my time. Especially in Greek, they took off heavily for the slightest mistake. I still have all my grades, they are with my other things up there in Hammond. There is one thing I have to say for the professors, Max, Mark, and I think Clement would in on that too, and that is that even though they were only a step ahead of us in education, they inspired us with a desire to learn, and those articles in the early Collegian, I bet they are as good as anything you can produce along that line today. The boys worked so hard, especially in English. What I've seen of boys' writing today, my nephew, they are not equal to what we did then.

Brother Victor took care of the sick. Infirmary was on floor with study hall, to the right of it. Never took anybody to the hospital. Only a mud road to Remington, the farmers voted against having a gravel road, while everybody at the College voted for it. People used to take the way through the College, past the barns to the west out to the Sparling's farm. Father Augustine used to periodically close the gate, to serve notice that this was not a public road. This was to prevent it becoming by usage legally a public thoroughfare.

Early in my St. Joseph career there was a rather crude bowling alley in the grove near Father Paulinus' studio. Practically no one but the faculty members used it. Later, about 1896, a quite pretentious Bowling Alley was constructed almost where your Post office building was at the time of my last retreat there about six years ago, i.e., south of Dwenger Hall, the cement block bulding, and a bit closer to the tank tower.

There was once a German society, made up of religious and seculars. Fr. Clemens was sort of moderator. It broke up. It was an unnatural combination. The religious knew German and we seculars did not. It probably lasted two or three years.

We had German sermons once a month. Father Eugene [Grimm] spoke loud and long, with his arms folded. I think that lasted thoroughout most of my time.

In my time a cinder track for walking for the "seculars" was laid. It enclosed the whole "secular" playground. It took in the edge of the grove that bordered on the play ground, and then the track went south, then west, then north where your theater and library now stand. I assure you it was well travelled, especially when "boning up" for exams.

The choir was direted by Father Clement at first (while I was there),

The first section of the report deals with the general situation of the country and the position of the various departments. It is a very interesting and comprehensive survey of the state of affairs in the country at the present time. The second section deals with the financial position of the country and the various departments. It is a very detailed and accurate statement of the financial position of the country at the present time.

The third section deals with the administrative position of the country and the various departments. It is a very detailed and accurate statement of the administrative position of the country at the present time. The fourth section deals with the judicial position of the country and the various departments. It is a very detailed and accurate statement of the judicial position of the country at the present time. The fifth section deals with the military position of the country and the various departments. It is a very detailed and accurate statement of the military position of the country at the present time.

The sixth section deals with the educational position of the country and the various departments. It is a very detailed and accurate statement of the educational position of the country at the present time. The seventh section deals with the health position of the country and the various departments. It is a very detailed and accurate statement of the health position of the country at the present time. The eighth section deals with the social position of the country and the various departments. It is a very detailed and accurate statement of the social position of the country at the present time.

The ninth section deals with the economic position of the country and the various departments. It is a very detailed and accurate statement of the economic position of the country at the present time. The tenth section deals with the political position of the country and the various departments. It is a very detailed and accurate statement of the political position of the country at the present time. The eleventh section deals with the foreign position of the country and the various departments. It is a very detailed and accurate statement of the foreign position of the country at the present time.

The twelfth section deals with the internal position of the country and the various departments. It is a very detailed and accurate statement of the internal position of the country at the present time. The thirteenth section deals with the external position of the country and the various departments. It is a very detailed and accurate statement of the external position of the country at the present time. The fourteenth section deals with the future position of the country and the various departments. It is a very detailed and accurate statement of the future position of the country at the present time.

The fifteenth section deals with the present position of the country and the various departments. It is a very detailed and accurate statement of the present position of the country at the present time. The sixteenth section deals with the past position of the country and the various departments. It is a very detailed and accurate statement of the past position of the country at the present time. The seventeenth section deals with the future position of the country and the various departments. It is a very detailed and accurate statement of the future position of the country at the present time.

The eighteenth section deals with the present position of the country and the various departments. It is a very detailed and accurate statement of the present position of the country at the present time. The nineteenth section deals with the past position of the country and the various departments. It is a very detailed and accurate statement of the past position of the country at the present time. The twentieth section deals with the future position of the country and the various departments. It is a very detailed and accurate statement of the future position of the country at the present time.

The twenty-first section deals with the present position of the country and the various departments. It is a very detailed and accurate statement of the present position of the country at the present time. The twenty-second section deals with the past position of the country and the various departments. It is a very detailed and accurate statement of the past position of the country at the present time. The twenty-third section deals with the future position of the country and the various departments. It is a very detailed and accurate statement of the future position of the country at the present time.

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later by Father Justin. The band was directed by Father Clement.

The first retreatmaster in my time was Fr. Godfrey Schlachter, C.P.P.S. The lights were turned low and he spoke in a sepulchral tone. Later retreat masters in my time, Father Charles Ganzer, Fr. Fred Wichmann twice, Fr. August Oechtering of Mishawaka twice. Fr. Meissner of Peru, a Jewish convert, gave us a number of lectures on Shakespeare. Fr. Charles Romer of Delphi, who later joined your community, lectured on the music of the Old Testament.

[The interviewee wrote later on to ask that all controversial comments and especially his name and the tape be destroyed, for, as he said, he felt the imminence of meeting his Maker.]



